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Farm, Garden, and Household.

AN OUTLOOK.

We need not dwell on the past season, its peculiar features, or its lessons impressed—it has become part and parcel of ourself, of the life that has gone. But to the future, to the coming season more particularly do we need to bend our thoughts, give our attention, and apply our powers, avoiding by the light of experience errors that have been our past endeavors, and profiting by the same stern though faithful teacher, those facts gained and paths pointed out.

Two products of the farm, more especially, bear high prices and will lead many to enter largely upon their production the coming season—hay and potatoes. Let there be a demand for any one product, and consequent high prices, and there will generally be a rush the following year for its largest production, and an over doing of the thing. A surplus will be raised that will glut the markets and render it a drag. The hay crop is an exception to this, for its increase is not so easily brought about as are the other crops. But our next leading staple, the potato, can be readily increased, by higher cultivation and more breadth. We predict a largely increased area, the coming year devoted to the production of this tuber.

The scarcity of protecting snow, together with the severe winter and deep freezing of the soil, will tend to render the hay crop of this year, small. Three requisites are important for a good hay harvest—a wet fall, a sufficient protection of snow, and an early, favorable start in spring. Two of these we have not had. A favorable May and June may make some amends, but it can not wholly compensate for the other two conditions. Farmers are carrying all the stock they can through this winter, hoping for higher prices the coming spring and summer. Though great reductions in this line have been made, there yet remains some surplus in the country, and with a following short crop of hay, must keep the prices down. We are glad to notice an increasing desire to replace the over-grown horse interest with sheep-husbandry. This speaks of a better time for the farming community. More cows and sheep is the true idea.

Fruits rarely do equally well each year; and following a noted year of productiveness, we can expect to realize but small results in this line. It is a noted fact that small crops, in years of scarcity, often pay as well, and sometimes even better, than large crops in years of plenty. Farmers should give increased attention to fruit culture, and this coming spring is a very favorable time to begin an out-look.

The best way for farmers is to pursue a course of evenly balanced mixed husbandry, in such a climate, and under the present condition of markets and facilities. By so doing, if one crop fails another compensates, if one crop is low in price, another counterbalances by being high. If they run to specialties, or endeavor to raise something that will be in their opinion the most profitable, the chances are against them. Often a crop that did poorly last year, gives high results this, and to run after that which now leads in price, will prove as vain as pursuing shadows. An even straightforward course, avoiding extremes, with strict attention to business, will give the best satisfaction in any business, especially so in that of Agriculture.

Good stock is of ready sale and always in demand. It should be the farmer's aim to keep all the stock he can keep well, realizing that one good animal consumes less, and is worth two poor ones. It pays to keep stock in good condition; their food then pays better, their sale is surer and at far better prices, and there is a satisfaction, a paying sense of thrift unknown to the 'lean kind.'

Grain raising is declining in our state from former year's productions. It is an imperative necessity, that a stock producing region, shall also be a grass and grain producing one. We think that there are signs of increase in grain production in Maine. Grain crops consumed on the farm yield a rich manure and help sustain increased stock, and these in turn help replenish our needy soils. Grain production and stock raising are reciprocal.

Another pleasing feature that presents itself in an outlook over the farming community, is the increase of Clubs, and Agricultural information among the masses. Agricultural papers are increasing in number and circulation. Farmers are writing out their experience for the public press, and the knowledge and experience of each one, thus becomes public property. Farmers are investigating, experimenting and cultivating, not only the soil, but their minds. There is a marked and pleasing improvement over past times, and a desire for still greater progress. Observation, experiment, and experience, by combination, take vast strides onward toward a better state of things. X.

Some Thoughts on Bee Culture.

I have kept bees a good many years, and wish to give you some reflections, the results of my observation and experience. Hives, whether straw, box, or any kind of patent, should not be set nearer, to each other than about four feet, nor higher from the ground than one foot. It will then be more convenient to work among them, and young queens will be less liable to mistake their homes and be lost. They should be sheltered from storms and the sun. Every hive should be raised from its bottom board once or twice a month, during the working season, that any moth-worms found there may be destroyed. The bee-moth is the great pest of the apiary, when the bee-keeper is careless and solvently. It is particularly injurious to weak stocks, and such should be more frequently examined, and the worms destroyed.

I think bee-keeping is a paying business, if carried on right. But hardly one farmer in a hundred takes proper care of his bees. That is the reason they lose their stocks, and leads them to say bees are unprofitable. If I had a thousand stands of bees I would bid farming good bye, for I am satisfied I could then make money and have easy work. Perhaps bee-keepers should be glad that all men do not like bees, for if they did we could not get ten cents a pound for honey, there would be so much made. I sold eight hundred pounds last season, at twenty-five cents a pound, besides having as much as the family could use. I have three kinds of patent hives—Keith's, Beard's and Van Zimmerman's, and like them very well. Patentees should furnish cuts of their hives, as we could then better understand the description of their inventions, and form some opinion of their value. [A. J. Brundidge in Am. Bee Journal.

Water-Proof Glue.

Immerse common glue in cold water until it becomes perfectly soft, but still retains its form; then put it into common raw linseed oil, and apply a gentle heat, until it is completely dissolved by the oil. It is then used like ordinary glue. It dries very soon, and water has no effect on it.

A glue which will resist water to a considerable degree is made by dissolving common glue in skimmed milk. Fine levigated chalk added to the common solution of glue in water constitutes an addition which strengthens it, and renders it suitable for sign-boards and other things which must stand the weather.

A glue that will hold against fire and water may be prepared by mixing a handful of quicklime with four ounces of linseed oil. Thoroughly levigate the mixture, boil it to a good thickness, and then spread it on tin plates in the shade; it will become exceedingly hard, but may be dissolved over a fire, like ordinary glue, and is then fit for use.

Where glue is to be exposed to the weather, common glue, protected by a good coat of oil color is superior to the above. If both are combined (that is, the water-proof glue and the paint) a much greater advantage may be obtained. [Maine Farmer.

Salt for Swine.

While all other domestic animals are regularly supplied with salt, the hog is generally neglected. He requires, however, to be as constantly supplied as the ox, the horse, or the sheep, and suffers as much from privation as either of the above named animals do. His food is almost invariably given to him in a fresh unseasoned state, and to this fact we may doubtless attribute many of the violent and fatal diseases to which he is subject, and which stagger all remedies, however promptly and skillfully administered. If the food be not regular seasoned, there should be a trough or box in every sty, in which salt may be deposited regularly for the use of the animals. Seasoning the food of the hog as mentioned above let it be understood that salt only is here alluded to, for if any person should try seasoning with pepper, they will make a great mistake; for as much pepper as will suffice for a man's dinner will kill a hog. [Maine Farmer.

OINTMENT FOR ANIMALS. Take white pine pitch, rosin, beeswax and honey, one ounce each; fresh lard, one half pound; melt well together over a slow fire; stir quite thick, so that the parts may not settle and separate. This makes an excellent application for harness galls cuts, and sores of all kinds.

Construction and Repair of Roads.

BY JOHN C. REED.

Suppose for instance a road is to be built for the distance of one mile, running through five different soils; the first to be gravel, the second sand, the third clay, the fourth swaley with a hard pan near its surface, the fifth muck.

Commencing with the first section, I would remove all obstructions, such as rocks or stumps, then I would plough in the centre turning the furrows inward to the width of thirty feet, allowing the road to be forty feet wide. After ploughing sufficiently, I would take a pair of good horses with an iron scraper, and scrape out the sides of the road on to the centre, continue ploughing and scraping until the centre of the road is from one foot and a half to two feet higher than the side ditches, bringing it into a true half circle from the bottom of one ditch to the other. The object of ploughing in the centre of the road is so that it will settle even, leaving no cradle holes for the water to stand in. I would then harrow it thoroughly with a heavy harrow, and after removing all stones of any account, I would go over it twice with a brush, so as to level it if necessary.

SEC. 2d, SAND. This I would plough and scrape as in the first section, until the centre of the road is raised one foot, than I would cover it ten or twelve inches deep with good gravel, bringing it into a true half circle, as in the last section, harrow and bush in order to level, as before mentioned.

SEC. 3d, CLAY. In this section I would cover the bed of the road with small stones to the depth of one foot, and to the distance of twenty feet in width, thus leaving sufficient room to plough and scrape from the ditches to the edge of the stones on each side, then I would cover the stone to the depth of fifteen inches with good coarse gravel, in order that the water can beech through the gravel and stones and run into the ditches, harrow and bush as before until the road is brought into a half circle as before mentioned.

SEC. 4th, SWALE. With a hard pan near its surface, liable to be thrown up by frost.

This I would underdrain by ploughing up the centre to the width of three feet, removing the soil to the sides until I came to the hard pan, then I would build two side walls one foot high and one foot apart, leaving outlets as near each other as necessary to carry the water from the centre of the road to the side ditches; then I would cover the culvert with suitable stone five or six inches thick, then I would plough and scrape from the side ditches towards the centre, the ditches to be three feet wide and as low as the pan; then I would cover it with coarse gravel to the depth of eighteen inches, leaving it in a half circle as in previous sections.

SEC. 5th, MUCK OR MUD. On commencing this section, I would cut the side ditches four feet wide and two feet deep, removing the muck towards the centre, then I would cover with coarse gravel until I considered it deep enough to make a dry road, harrow and level as described; in case that any part of this happens to be higher on one side than the other, there should be a culvert under the road eighteen inches in the clear, the water in the side ditches to be let off at all convenient places. We will now call this mile of road completed, and with a little repairing yearly, it will stand as a model road for years to come. In repairing this road, it can be done with a road scraper, which fills the ruts and centre of the road, and can be drawn with two yoke of oxen at the rate of one mile an hour. If this road is kept well turnpiked it will need no stop water unless in some extreme cases, such as long hills for instance.

A few ideas concerning road repairing and I will bring these remarks to a close. There are many serious obstacles in the way of the repairing of roads. A few of these I will endeavor to enumerate.

First, most of our roads, especially in the country, are altogether too narrow, many of them being laid out only twenty feet. Then again, the money appropriated is a highway tax to be worked out in labor instead of cash. Our road surveyors are generally chosen by nomination, and a great many of them are not skillful road builders, each one of them having a certain amount of road to keep in repair, some of them live miles, while the taxes assessed, in each district are according to the property which is in the district. In nearly all towns there are more or less villages, wherein a great many of the most wealthy citizens reside, therefore I do not consider the money equally distributed. For instance, a surveyor in the country who is allowed only thirty dollars, has to compete with the surveyor of the village, who is allowed five hundred dollars, both having the same amount of territory. While such is the case, is it any wonder that we are obliged to travel over poor roads. If the money that is appropriated by the towns was placed in the hands of the selectmen, and they had the power to choose their own surveyors, should we not have a right to except to see an improvement in our roads within a few years? That is, if we could have a money tax instead of a labor tax, with good competent surveyors, and a cash tax, people would find a vast difference in our roads.

BRIDGES AND HILLS.

When it is necessary to remove hills into low places, the most expeditious and cheapest manner is to use the common horse carts, and where these low places are well drained and gravelled, we observe dry and hard roads; where good gravel cannot be obtained, soil will answer a very good purpose. Bridges and culverts that are to be built across small streams, should in all cases be built of stone; the cost in the first place will be but a trifle more and will last for ages yet to come. Much more might be said in regard to this subject, but I think the least said on a subject unless it is on some important point, the better it is for all concerned, and as a few acres well tilled are of more profit than a large field poorly cultivated, so it is better that a few ideas or principles should be clearly set forth and illustrated, than that a volume be hastily presented and imperfectly considered. Again I would recommend the widening, gravelling and draining of all bad roads, then let the right man superintend, and he will put the right material in the right place. [Mass. Ploughman.

House Painting.

There are a number of things concerning which I am possessed of profound ignorance. Among these may be numbered the fine arts. With regard to the coarse arts, such as house painting, I have recently learned a few lessons from experience. I consider experience a thorough teacher; but his charges for tuition are perhaps rather high.

Maria Ann said we must have the house repainted, and as what Maria Ann says must be and generally is, I at once went and made a bargain with a house painter. He said he would send his painters round. The next morning I got my breakfast and started out to earn my bread by the perspiration of my classic brow. I opened the door and put my foot into a tin pail full of paint. Then I took it out and set it on the hall door mat. Maria Ann assisted me from there, and I took a flying leap over the painter to the sidewalk. The painters painted the fence and the front steps this forenoon. All who came to see us either painted their hands on the gate and left prints thereof on the chairs, or else printed their soles on the steps, and tracks all over the parlor carpet. The cat laid down on the steps to sleep in the sun, and the paint dried so fast that when she got up one side of her was bald-headed.

The next morning the men came before any one was up, and begun to take out all the windows. During the entire day they were working around the window casings. One of them would stand by the open kitchen window, and then they would talk about the Painters' Union, about the picnic, about the price of flour, about the girls—about all the while. The retirement which is among the charms of domestic life did not characterize our house to any great extent that day. The next morning about five o'clock, I heard some one walking into my bedroom. I sprang boldly from the bed, grasped a boot in one hand and a pitcher in the other, and determined to sell my life as dearly as possible, unless I got a chance to run down stairs. Said I, "Who is there?" "Oh," replied the intruder, "it's me, the painter, I am taking down the blinds." I felt much relieved; Maria rather seemed to be out of patience. She told the man what she thought about him, and made pointed comments upon his manner, his appearance and the probabilities he ever enjoyed of a common school education. The painter was wedded to his art, and paid no attention to the prattle of Maria Ann. With the window and blinds both out, the interior of the house was somewhat exposed, and the task of getting dressed was attended with some embarrassment, especially as the painter seemed to be at work at all the windows. While we were eating breakfast one of the painters came in with an armful of towels and remarked that he found them hanging on the clothes-line, and he supposed Maria would have no objections to his using them to wipe off the doors before he grained them. Maria stated her objections in detail, and the man withdrew. The next morning I was up early. When the painters came in I volunteered to help them. "Come right along," I shouted, "let's take off the clapboards and paint them. Let's take up the cellar and paint that inside and out. Let's take down the chimney and paint the bricks. Let's paint the hole the cellar leaves. Let's ——" They assured me that I was planning more work than was necessary, and as they did not act as though they needed my help I went to breakfast.

The next time the house wants painting I will move into the back yard, and send the house down to the shop, where the painters can swarm around it at their pleasure.

A gentleman crossing a narrow bridge, said to a countryman whom he met: "I think this narrow causeway must be very dangerous, my honest friend; pray, are not people lost here sometimes?" "Lost! no, sir; I never knew anybody lost here in my life; there were several drowned, but they were all found again."

Sorrow.

As a beam o'er the face of the water may glow
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting—

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead leafless branch in the summer's bright ray;
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

John Randall's Troubles.

"Will you let me have it, John?"

"No, Georgy, I can't."

John Randall uttered his refusal of his wife's request very decidedly, as if he felt the request was unreasonable, and yet there was an undercurrent of grieved impatience in his voice, a look of perplexity and self-satisfaction in his eyes. He proceeded very slowly to unbutton his overcoat. He wanted to see his wife rise from the breakfast-table, and thereby signify her acquiescence in his decision, before he went off for his morning's work at the mill.

Georgy, however, did not rise. Her looks did not express acquiescence. She was a pretty woman—very pretty; tall, slight, very fair, with large, clear, steady eyes, and profuse brown hair. Besides her beauty, she had an air of delicate, graceful composure rather peculiar, and a voice that suggested alto flute notes. For all this, she was simply the wife of a master machinist in the great Haliburton Print Works of Millville, and mistress of one of the small, white factory tenements, whose long, orderly rows constituted Millville proper.

But Georgy did not belong to the factory element, although she had married into it. She had been brought up by a relative, upon whom she had been left dependent, and whom she called Aunt Appleton. Aunt Appleton lived at the other end of Appleton—the west end—among the Haliburtons and Dilloways and Veres.

Perhaps, under the circumstances, Georgy might have looked a little higher than John Randall. But then John was good as gold; strong, steady, manly, true. Aunt Appleton's pretty, dependent protege had the sense to rejoice at her perception, and Aunt Appleton had the generosity to give her a liberal outfit—her furniture, a complete wardrobe, a nice wedding.

It had been very agreeable to Georgy to have these things. She was fastidious to the core. She enjoyed advantages of position—her good clothes, her prestige among the wives of the other officials in the Print Works. She was fastidious—perhaps a little too fastidious for her place.

John Randall had reached his last button, a somewhat shiny button on a somewhat shabby coat. He had neither time nor pretext for lingering. At this last moment his wife raised her eyes, clearly, unflinchingly, to his face.

"Why not?" she asked, in her cold, sweet voice.

It is never pleasant to a man to be called to an account about money—and of course it was money Georgy wanted—by a woman, and that woman his wife. John's face flushed a little, a hot retort pricked the very tip of his tongue, but he did not utter it. He was a patient man naturally; and then he had that deep, sure love for his pretty wife which overreaches all slight shocks.

"I have exceeded my salary every month since we were married, Georgy," he said. "The first of January will be here in a few weeks, and I shall not be able to meet all the bills that are due. I don't feel that we ought to trifle away a penny of money. I don't believe you do either, dear."

"I shall not say any more about it," she returned. "I ought to wear a new pair of gloves to call on Paul's bride. But if you can't give them to me, I must do without them."

John Randall's grain was fine enough to understand that this was not the acquiescence he wanted. He would have liked to indulge her, but there was the fact, that if he began it, he should be always behind hand, always poor.

This was his fact. Georgy had hers also—that she was always to be denied and disappointed. She didn't mind so much about wearing the old gloves on this particular occasion; that which troubled her, which was wedging itself painfully into her conviction, was, that she would have to give up all the little luxuries and elegancies that she so much craved; that her future was to be a plain, matter-of-fact routine, deprived of those gratifications in whose absence she felt a sort of moral starvation.

"It don't seem as if you ought to be disappointed, Georgy," said the husband, finally. "You know what my salary is, and just how far it will go. We used to talk about saving something every year so that I might better myself one of these days. I don't like to deny you,"

"No matter," she answered, rising.

She was one of those women who say too little rather than too much, any time.

John went off to his work. Bridget (the girl of all work) came in to clear the table. Georgy dusted the parlor, and made the pudding, fed the canary, and then placed her sewing-machine in the window, facing the dull leaden light of the November day, and sat down to stitch wristbands. She had been married more than a year now, and was making the first shirts for John. She was very thoughtful, a dogged pain in her face all the while.

"Perhaps I shall stay at Aunt Appleton's to tea," she said to her husband, at the dinner-table. "You will come for me if I do—won't you?"

He reflected a moment.

"I told you last night, Georgy, that I should have to be from home an hour or two this evening. There is a meeting of the officials of the mill, at half-past seven. I should be too tired to dress and go up to your aunt's afterwards."

"I had forgotten," she said, quietly—so quietly that he thought she did not care.

When he was gone, she went to her room to arrange her toilet for her call. She put on the best she had, of course. She had a genius for dress; and despite the mended gloves, she looked as stylish as she did pretty.

Just as she approached her aunt's gate, old Mrs. Haliburton, in her velvets and sables, and steeliest of steel-colored silks, was being handed from her carriage by her son. The Haliburtons were the owners of the mill in which John Randall was employed. Stephen, the only son, had just returned from a five years' residence abroad. These two facts caused Georgy to scrutinize the mother and son somewhat closely; and, doing so, Stephen Haliburton raised his hat to her.

"A pretty face," he remarked, carelessly, to his mother. "I suppose it is some one I have known, or should know."

Old Mrs. Haliburton, with her keen eyes and beak nose, glanced sharply back towards Georgy, whom she had not perceived, and nodded slightly.

"It is that young person whom Jane Appleton brought up. She is married now to one of our men, I believe."

Georgy found Paul Appleton and his bride holding a sort of informal reception. The rooms where her own wedding had been a year before were quite filled with guests. A very dainty and graceful bride was the new Mrs. Paul, in her lavender train and point lace shawl. Georgy tried not to feel the least tinge of envy as she looked at her.

Aunt Appleton had always a sense of gratitude towards her protege, for having forborne to fascinate either of her own four marriageable boys, and this gratitude cropped out in active kindliness under the exultation she felt over Paul's match.

Georgy moved easily about the well-furnished rooms. Somehow she seemed fitted for such surroundings. The subdued, well-bred manners, the faint perfumes, the refined faces and rich dresses, were like a stimulant to her. She needed such quickening to be fully herself. Her composed, delicate beauty unfolded to perfection in this atmosphere.

She had been talking with one and another, taking in shapes and trimmings with her quick artist's eye, and in a pause was just reflecting upon the hang of the new curtains, when a voice said near her:

"I seem not to be able to recall you at all, Mrs. Randall. Yet I must have known you before I went away. My mother has just told me your name, and I have come to claim acquaintance, if you will permit me."

"I remember you perfectly, Mr. Haliburton," Georgy returned, quietly. "I was hardly grown up when you left us five years ago."

"Five years? Ah, true enough! Won't you take this chair? What a lovely lily! Why, it is not real!"

"No these wax flowers are very like nature, though almost a plagiarism; don't you think so, Mr. Haliburton?"

"Why, yes, it must be quite difficult to make them. I dare say they bring a good price."

Under her serene smile, a quick thought went through Georgy Randall's mind. She began to examine the gentleman before her with interest.

Stephen Haliburton was a gentleman by habit, and a man of the world by force of circumstances. But nature intended him for a diligent, pains-taking, persevering man of business.

If he was not a great or very good man, it was because he had so much time, so much money, so much flattery. He was spoiled by his opportunities, yet he needed only the right touch to elevate him beyond himself. He was thirty years old now; he was past the age when a man disdains to be led by a woman. But Stephen Haliburton had never disdained it. He had always been led by the keen-eyed, beak-nosed woman in the steel silk, who, as Georgy talked with the heir, sat holding her wine up to the firelight, not far off.

The heir seemed to like Mrs. Randall's talk; perhaps because there was so little of it. In return, he was rather unreserved—gossipping about his plans and prospects

He said that he was glad to get home. He meant to settle down at Millville now; look after his factories and operatives; introduce some improvements. He wanted a better class of work, more tasteful designs. He hadn't a pretty print from the factory. Did not Mrs. Randall agree with him?

Yes; she agreed with him. It was a strange basis for parlor gossip—oils, chemicals, designs for calicoes. He was surprised to find how much she knew about it, and she—she was a little surprised herself. The delicate pink began to flush her cheeks, the irises of her eyes grew into great black flakes, full of lustre. All at once, at last, she turned a casual glance without the window.

"Why," she said, with a slight start, "it is almost dark. And I believe it is raining. I must go at once."

She stepped towards the window. Great splashing drops were falling upon the flagstones. The dull November daylight was almost gone.

Mr. Haliburton rose also.

"Did you walk?" he inquired. "Let us take you home. My mother will be going soon."

The little stir attracted Mrs. Appleton, who, most of the guests having gone, was devoting herself to Mrs. Haliburton.

"Stay to tea, Georgy," she suggested. "John knows you are here, does he not?"

"Yes; but it is raining. I think I had better not stop."

"I have been asking Mrs. Randall to take a seat with us, mother," interposed Stephen Haliburton.

"Ah, yes," said that lady, with contracted nostrils and prolonged lips again. "I shall be happy."

And then the keen eyes overlooked Georgy, as if to ask if there were any cause why the Haliburton horses, and, it might be, the Haliburton heir should traverse the length of Millville to take home this young person who had married one of the Hallburton's employees.

Georgy stood unmoved, a little concerned as to whether her last dress and bonnet should walk or ride, not at all concerned as to her own disposal.

The factory bell had done ringing, and John Randall was in sight of home just as the carriage of his employer stopped at his door, and his wife stepped from it. He did not, however, overhear her say to Stephen Haliburton, "if you will come in to-morrow afternoon, I will show you what I mean."

"Had you a pleasant afternoon?" her husband asked, by and by, as they sat at the tea-table.

"Very pleasant," she said thoughtfully.

"It was very polite in Mrs Haliburton to bring you home."

"Yes; I should have spoiled my new dress."

It was with some effort that John Randall got his wife to talk, and she seemed peculiarly silent to-night, and absent as silent. Her eyes were brighter, too, than common, her cheeks a little flushed. He was too generous, too unselfish a man to begrudge her even a happiness in which he had no part; but something in her abstraction filled him with uneasiness. The uneasiness was not decreased when reaching home a little before the usual hour the following afternoon, he met Stephen Haliburton just leaving the house, nor when he found Georgy with the same brightened eyes and heightened color as the night before.

That was the beginning of John Randall's troubles.

It was not so much common jealousy—a man's instinct of revolt at another man's admiration of his handsome wife—as it was a fear, a desperate, death-like fear, that Georgia needed something he could not give her to make her happy. He could never give her luxuries. He could never say such things as he fancied Stephen Haliburton must be able to say to women. But he loved her so! Oh, heavens! he loved her so! How could he endure that anything should come between them!

"I won't wrong her and tease her with my suspicions," he said to himself in the depth of the night. "I'll just fight my way the best I can against it. I'll keep steady; perhaps she'll see it right, by and by."

Poor fellow! he did not realize how his own determination implied that her heart was turned from him. He raised himself on his arm to look at her as she slept; and all through what followed he retained the expression of her pure, calm face, as it pressed the pillow, whitened by the moonlight that glinted the frost on the window panes and flooded the room.

She seemed to him cooler after this, and he kept silent. He knew that she met Haliburton at her aunt's; he knew that when she went to the seaside the ensuing summer, for a week's visit to Mrs. Paul Appleton, there he was also. He knew that she seemed to be living a life apart from him; and once—that was when the iron entered his soul—when he went to her little desk, a present he had made during their engagement, for a sheet of paper and found it locked, and asked her carelessly enough for the key, she flushed, and said she would get the paper for him.

But he kept true to the promise he made to himself, He kept on "fighting his way against it as best he could," hoping with a sick heart that she "might see it right by and by.'

The months wore away. The second year of their marriage was nearly completed. John had been very careful, as Georgia herself, that there should be no outward and visible sign of misunderstanding or coldness between them. No suspicion had come to any, that the second year of their married life had been less happy than the first. Nor had he omitted to give her any little indulgence within his power.

He had prepared a surprise for her upon the coming anniversary of their wedding-day, a present of twelve guineas, his savings during the year.

The anniversary fell upon Sunday, and so their little commemoration of the day must come the preceding evening. No allusion had been made to any celebration by either of them; but John felt sure, some way, that she could not let the time pass without some sign. For his own part he had half resolved to attempt some explanation of their estrangement. Anything, he thought, would be better than this chilling reserve, With his mind divided between anticipation of relief and jealous dread, he went to the counting-house that Saturday night to receive his money. The cashier looked up, with a certain embarrassment at his approach.

"Ah, Mr. Randall, the accumulation you left in my hands? To be sure! And, by the way, Mr. Haliburton spoke to me to mention to you, that there were to be some changes made, and—and— but there he is himself, sir."

John Randall turned with a feeling akin to desperation, to meet his employer. It had gone through him like a thunderbolt, as the cashier spoke, that he was to be displaced. Stephen Haliburton simply said, as John faced him, "I'll not detain you now, Mr. Randall, I shall call this evening to let you know of the changes I' feel obliged to make."

And the owner bowed and left him.

With the money in his nerveless hands, John Randall walked homeward like a man dazed. He was to lose his place!

For what reason he found it impossible to conjecture. But to lose it, was to lose reputation, courage, everything. He had never imagined such a possibility as that. The money that he carried, he should not dare to make a present of it to Georgia now. He might have to wait for other employment. It might be needed for their bare every day needs, before he got work again. A death-like chill struck to his soul.

Georgia evidently had not overlooked the recurrence of their wedding day. The cosy rooms of the little cottage all wore a little air of festivity. Some slender vases held the gleanings of the flower-beds, chrysanthemums, blood-red, white, and purple—verbenas and scarlet geranium.

She came to the door that night to meet him, one of her "company" dresses on, some knots of velvet fastening her collar, and seeming to give a glow and brightness to her white skin. He took her hand, she raised her face, and with a wild heart-bound, he kissed it, as he had not for a year before. She was coming back to him! Her intatuation, if such it had been, was at an end! She was his own once more. And then, close upon this new happiness, came the dreary recollection of his lost situation. He thrust the money in his pocket. By and by he would tell her all.

"You will not mind waiting supper for an hour, will you John?" she asked, as she led him in. "I am going to give you something nice, by and by, and—I think Mr. Haliburton will be in."

John Randall's blood froze once more. It was not for him, then, that all these preparations were made! Georgia had never spoken Mr. Haliburton's name to him before. He could feel that she was embarrassed, as she did so.

"I want you to dress, John," she added, coaxingly. "I have laid everything out for you."

It seemed to him that he would have turned upon her, but that he felt so broken by the thought of losing his place, and resented her gaity, her indifference, her secrecies—all that had made him so miserable through this long year. But he had not the spirit.

He went to dress, as she had asked him. When he returned to the parlor Stephen Haliburton and his wife sat side by side. It was rare indeed to see Georgy's fair face so illuminated. Her cheeks were glowing, her eyes sparkling.

As for Mr. Haliburton, he was always the quiet gentleman, with no sense of being out of his place, no apparent suspicion of what was rankling in the heart of his employee.

What a nice little supper Georgia had ready!—yet nobody ate.

Finally it was over. They went back to the parlor.

Georgia disappeared for a moment, and returning, approached her husband, glancing shyly at the same time at her guest whose face brightened beyond its wont as he caught her eye.

"We mean to make it all very formal, John, but I see Mr. Haliburton thinks I might as well tell it at once in my own way."

She paused, and a sober pallor overspread her husband's face.

"What was coming?" his eyes asked, with no faith that it was anything to lighten his burden.

Georgy folded and unfolded nervously a slip of paper she held.

"That is for you, John," and she held it shyly toward him. My anniversary gift!

I have been working for Mr. Haliburton, too, this last year. And I have thirty guineas here—the price of the designs I have made for the calicoes—"

"Georgia!"

"You never suspected it? I did not want you to, till I knew whether I could succeed."

John Randall had no voice in which to word his gratitude—gratitude for his restored faith, which though his wife did not suspect it, was by far her most precious anniversary gift.

She went on, "I could always use my pencil nimbly, you know, John, and it had occurred to me one day, why I couldn't do something with it to profit? I spoke to Mr. Haliburton, and he was so kind, you must thank him John, he took so much trouble with my crude attempts, he did so much to encourage me. And now I am fairly in the way of work. I shall work better now that you know of it. I want to try design for carpets, by and by, as well as prints; that pays so well—a percentage on the sale—"

She stopped short, suddenly conscious of how much she was saying.

"I have my little surprise also, for you, Mr. Randall," added Stephen Haliburton, quietly. "I hope it, too, will prove agreeable. The universal testimony of the mill-officials as to your efficiency and trustiness makes me feel that I am not showing a proper appreciation, and I desire to give you a somewhat more responsible position, with an increase of salary."

The very glory of the heavens seemed to be opening a way to John Randall, out of all his trouble. "I am too happy, Mr. Haliburton, to talk much," he said, in his straightforward, manly way. "I have been depressed lately, the sudden removal of all cause for low spirits—"

He stopped short. Two big tears rolled down his cheeks. Stephen Haliburton alone perceived what Georgy had never suspected, that her secret had made her husband jealous. He grasped John's hand.

"My dear fellow, it is too bad! I feared it a little once or twice. Of course I could not hint it to Mrs. Randall.'

"What, John? What, Mr. Haliburton?"

"Nothing, Georgy; that you will ever know."

They were alone together, by and by, with their new found happiness. Perhaps Georgy was equally relieved that there was no more need of mystification.

"What made you ever think of it, Georgy?" her husband asked.

"Why, John, it was that day about the gloves. I sat myself to considering why you should have all the toil and I all the indulgence. I pondered how I could make or save something."

"I am happier than I ever thought I could be again, dear."

"Do you know that I have fancied that you were unhappy, lately, John, because you thought I was longing for things you could not give me? I could hardly wait for to-night to tell you all."

"My darling."

And he folded his arms about her, and hid his face on her shoulder; and in the brightness and silence of the room, with its odor of flowers and glow of leaves, they felt their way through the coming future, safe, confident, out of the reach of any bitter trouble, since they loved and trusted one another.

Cain's Wife.

From the Christian Union.

DECEMBER 17th, 1869.

"Rev. Henry Ward Beecher—Dear Sir: Please to inform me who Cain's wife was, and oblige A READER.

There is no record of Cain's courtship or wedding. However interesting to the parties themselves, it is of no interest to us, except upon the supposition that the account in Genesis of the creation of Adam was designed to exclude the supposition that any people had been created. If Adam and Eve were the sole progenitors of the race, then Cain and Abel, it is inferred, must have married their own sisters—a connection which is shocking to the sensibilities of the whole race, at a subsequent stage of development.

But many of the Fathers of the Church denied that Adam and Eve, and their children, were the only people on the globe. They affirmed that the text in Genesis very plainly implies that there were other inhabitants besides Adam's family. They allege that verse 14, of chapter 4 of Genesis, plainly implies that the earth was already widely populated. For, when God declared that Cain should be driven out from his family, and made a vagabond in the earth, Cain deprecated the sentence and replied that "everyone that findeth me shall slay me." It was plainly not his family connections that he feared, for he desired not to be driven forth from them. It was the people that he should meet when a wanderer in the earth. Who, then, were the people whom Cain feared to meet when he should have gone forth into the earth?

It is also reasoned by scholars that the most natural method of soothing his fears would have been to tell him, "There are no other people on earth except your father's children." Instead of that the Lord is represented as falling in with Cain's impression respecting the population of the world, and that He set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him. (Gen. iv. 15.) Still further, it is said that Cain, separating himself from his kindred, went to the land of Nod, east of Sodom, "and he builded a city, and called the name of the city after the name of his son Enoch." The Fathers very pertinently asked, Where did the people come from that lived in this city? That would be an extraordinary state of things which should have enabled Cain to fill up a city, however small, with his own children! And it is inferred, therefore, that there were other people in the land besides the immediate posterity ot Adam. If Adam was the only progenitor, Cain must have married his sister. If there were other lines of people, other Adams as it were, then Cain might have married into another stock.

We do not express any judgment in the matter. We give our correspondent the opinions that have been held in the early days of the Church, but with the statement that almost all modern Christian writers have rejected them.

But as the origin of races has in our day assumed an important scientific development, and, as very able scientists hold to a variety of original stocks, it is interesting to know that those views have been held before, and upon supposed Biblical grounds.

But are there no more questions about Cain? Does nobody wish to know his wife's name? Does no one wish to know what the mark was which the Lord affixed to Cain? Does no one wish to know how Cain died? Questions must be scarce to leave such points untouched. If Cain is to be raised, he surely ought to be thoroughly dealt with.

The Mosaic account of the creation, so far from excluding the supposition that any people had been created before Adam, seems to favor the theory that the world was peopled before Adam and his rib began that work. The account of the labors of the sixth day, in the first chapter of Genesis, states that God created man, male and female, with the injunction to multiply and replenish the earth. Whether they did so or not, we find, after the conclusion of the seventh, the sanctified day, the statement that "there was not a man to till the ground." The probability is that there were men, but they were afflicted with laziness—and that it was into this unthrifty family that Cain married. It is expressly stated that he found his wife in the land of Nod, which was of course the home of a sleepy-headed race. It is not until toward the close of the second chapter that we find the account of the creation of Adam and Eve, who were speedily driven out of Eden, and told to work for a living. It would seem that the Lord created two classes,—a race of idlers and a race of toilers—and that to the latter class belong all the descendants of Adam. [EDITOR JOURNAL.

When the work of drilling the great artesian well at St. Louis was abandoned, it was acknowledged to be the deepest hole in the world. The St. Louis hole is now beaten by one in the vicinity of Potsdam, in Missouri, which is drilled to a depth of more than 5,500 feet—more than a mile into the "bowels of the earth!" Commenced with the intention of boring an artesian well, it now serves a much more interesting purpose. At the depth of 300 feet a mighty stratum of rock salt was discovered, which has not yet been pierced entirely at the immense depth of 5,500 feet. Other holes, distant several hundred feet, have been bored in order to ascertain the circumference of the salt bed, and everywhere salt has been struck at a depth of about 300 feet.

A GREAT SCOUNDREL. The Litchfield (Ct.) Enquirer has this item: "A shocking case comes up for trial before the next Superior Court from Cornwall Bridge. Joel W. Perkins of that place is bound over to answer to charges of incest with two daughters. His bonds are $6000 in each case. Three of his daughters are enciente; in two of the cases the guilt of the prisoner seems clear; in the third case the prisoner claimed that the guilty party is his own son, brother of the girl, and he was allowed the benefit of the miserable doubt."

[From the Logan (Ohio) Gazette.]

Politics in Sunday School.

EDITOR GAZETTE: An article appeared in the columns of your journal, of December 9th, 1870, on the subject of "Political Preaching," and commenting specially on the late Thanksgiving discourse of one of the Bellefontaine clergymen.

It is a matter of suprise that the political preaching of late years is not oftener publicly criticised and denounced. All who desire the restoration of peace and harmony in the church will unite with "Justice" in condemning a course which has a tendency to drive out, and keep out of the pale of the church, all the members of one of the political parties which composes about one half the population of the country. We do not charge all the clergy with having more interest in the Radical party than in the church of Christ. There is still a remnant (divided in political sentiment) who are striving to preach God's gospel in its purity.

But every candid observer must admit that a majority of them are too active in politics to be useful in the church They are prompt in attendance at every Radical caucus, or convention, whether the nomination be for Congressman or village Councilman, and often support the worst men in their party for nomination, and anybody at the polls, who may be a candidate of their party. Having become enlisted in politics, they easily drift with it from the polls to the pulpit. A preacher has the same right to advocate and vote his political sentiments, as anybody else. We can meet and answer him on the stump, on the street, or at the polls, but he has the advantage when he fires at us from the pulpit. How unlike the venerable Dr. Alexander Princeton, who said he did not cast a vote for twenty-five years, "lest it might offend;" and how unlike the Apostle Paul, who would not even eat meat, lest it caused a brother offence. The evil influence of the "political parson" was exper

The Prussian Triumph. Entry of Paris.

PARIS, March 1. The Prussians, entering Paris at last, first appeared at the Arc de Triomphe at a quarter before 9 this morning. They took possession in the usual Prussian manner; first came one uhlan officer, Lieutenant Bernardy, of the 11th hussars, then two more, then six abreast. Advancing leisurely up the avenue, the grand army of uhlans reconnoitered, went all around the arch vainly trying to pass under, and then galloped back to report difficulties. Another group arrives and repeats the same manoeuvre, with evident disappointment at being unable to pass under. They finally gallop at full speed down the Champs Elysees. At a considerable distance in the rear comes a dense blue-black mass, which is the advance guard of the thirty thousand. The crowds which during the siege usually gathered about the army have disappeared. This morning only a few women, and perhaps fifty men, apparently artisans, are to be seen. There are no shouts and no gestures when the uhlans appear; there was only the sarcastic cry, when the Prussians failed to pass under the arch, "Don't you wish you could?" Seeing the head of the column enter I hurried across the Champs Elysees, over the Pont des Invalides to the esplanade of the same name. The line was guarded by gendarmerie. In the square, fronting the hotel, were troops in line, and gardes mobiles grouped irregularly, awaiting orders. Their officers were astounded at learning that the Prussians had already entered, and could scarcely believe those who had first brought them the news.

In a few minutes the news had spread, creating great excitement, but there was no demonstration, though the officers were discussing the probability of a collision. Troops were strongly posted in front of the Foreign Office, and gendarmerie occupied the courtyard of the Chamber of Deputies and Pont de la Concorde. At the foot of this bridge, on Champs Elysees, was a double barricade, consisting of empty artillery caissons interlaced; and another barricade was placed transversely across the quay of the Tuileries. The gates of the Tuileries were closed, and soldiers were peering through the rails at the uhlans, who had now reached the end of the Champs Elysees, and taken their stations, three on each side, under the group of statuary called the Horses of Marly. The faces of the statues representing French cities, at the corners of the Place de la Concorde, were veiled with black cloth, twined with white. The Strasbourg group was gloomy, with faded garlands. The group recently placed in front of the statue, illustrating Ulrich's defence, has been removed. In Rue Rivoli, abutting Rue St. Florentin, is another barricade of similar construction, and others are placed across Rue Royale. Beyond these the Prussians are forbidden to pass. Not more than 50 French are to be seen in the Place de la Concorde. The uhlans gallop about the Place, reconnoitering the streets, bridges and barricades. They expected to occupy Rue du Faubourg St. Honore, as announced, but upon attempting to enter Rue Boissy-d'Anglais were stopped by a cordon of sentinels of the French line, and were obliged to fall back, pursued by derisive cries and shouts of "Vive la Republique!" the people on the Place de la Concorde taking up the cry. The uhlans disregard everything; but the national guards at the head of Rue Rayale begin to bestir themselves, and one officer moves his men as if to clear the square. When the uhlans reappear, the insults recommence; but they themselves this time put the blackguards to flight. The uhlans use no violence, and appear amazed at the demonstration, as they quietly take the position assigned them. Stronger bodies of Prussians arrive and occupy all sides of the Place de la Concorde with pickets, and the place is soon sprinkled all over with blue and red uniforms. I was attracted by the sound of fifes and drums, and was encountered by the patriotic reproaches of a captain of the national guard, who wondered how I could be out to-day witnessing the enemy's triumph, when every good citizen ought to stay in-doors.

I advanced unmolested, passed the Palais de l'Industrie, and reached the first group of Prussians. There were still only a few Frenchmen within the lines of the Prussians, and the latter had their triumphal entry thus far to themselves. Some women and elderly gentlemen were making spiteful remarks, and one old man affirmed that he had seen Prussians enter for the third time, proclaiming himself a relic of the old imperial guard. The appearance of the troops was magnificent. First came a squadron of cavalry, with their bands of fifers and drummers; then the infantry of the eleventh corps. The men were wonderfully got up for the entry, all traces of the campaign having been brushed away. No serious disturbance occurred. A review of the sixth and eleventh corps by the Emperor took place outside the forts, after which the troops entered and the Emperor returned. The Palais de l'Industrie was occupied by troops, and the staff headquarters were established at the Palais d' Elysees.

The precautions against popular disturbances seem complete and almost superfluous. The shops are shut, but citizens throng the streets in every direction. The residents of Bellville and Vilette grumble, but show no disposition to fight. In the Champs Elysees, after successive bodies of troops had arrived, some of the people almost fraternized with them. One division stacked their arms and picketed their horses opposite the Palais de l'Industrie. The men threw themselves upon the ground, and Parisians, mostly the lower classes, gathered about them, went up to them, examined their accoutrements and conversed with them when able. The fears of pillage, which had been sedulously inculcated, the Parisians now begin to believe entirely groundless. One disturbance threatened to become serious. Near the Arc de Triomphe, the crowds of people grew denser as more and more soldiers entered. Blouses predominated, the wearers showing petty spite and curiosity in equal proportions. Throngs gathered about any soldier separated from his comrades, and savage cries were sometimes heard. Whoever answered Prussian questions was mobbed as a spy. One man giving explanations to the Germans was furiously attacked, and sought protection among the soldiers. Then some workmen came up behind and struck a soldier on the helmet. The order to fire was given, a panic ensued and the people fled precipitately. The order to fire was at once countermanded, however, and a massacre was averted. Riding from the Arc de Triomphe to the Northern station, I found the whole city quiet, gloomy and orderly.

PARIS, March 2. Favre has gone to Versailles to-day to demand the immediate evacuation of Paris by virtue of the terms of the convention. The barricades in the Belleville and Montmartre districts are still maintained, although no disturbances have taken place since the occupation of the city by the German army. The Boulevards are crowded with people, but a sad and melancholy silence prevails. All the shops, cafes and newspaper offices are closed, and the entire business of the city is at a stand-still. The feelings of depression among all classes is greater than at any time during the siege, when starvation was imminent.

The Arkansas Trouble

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., March 4.

The impeachment managers to-day reported to the House that they were unable to find any evidence on which to base articles of impeachment against Gov. Clayton, and offered a resolution that further proceedings be dispensed with. Gov. Clayton subsequently sent in a message resigning his seat to which he was lately elected in the U. S. Senate, and recommending the House now to turn its attention to the proper and necessary subject of legislation.

Judge Shepley of the United States Circuit Court, at Boston, has adjudged the Boston, Hartford & Erie railroad bankrupt, on petition of Seth Adams.

REPUBLICAN JOURNAL.

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—BY—

WILLIAM H. SIMPSON.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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To the Friends and Readers of the Journal.

In presenting the Journal, as we do today, in enlarged form, and made more attractive to the eye, we have but followed the requirements of what seemed to be a public want. The evidence of appreciation which has come from too many and diverse sources to be doubted, as well as the unsolicited increase of subscribers, give assurance that in the production of a newspaper we have hit the popular taste. The favor that it has been our fortune to receive, we shall endeavor to retain and strengthen in the future. The enlarged dimensions of the paper will give opportunity to do better justice to the public and ourself, and to give more in detail matter that we have been hitherto obliged to condense or omit. A glance at the sheet will show that while its compact type admits a great amount of matter, the clear print enables it to be read without fatigue to the eyes. With these improvements, no increase of subscription price is made.

We ask the attention of our friends to the above facts, and request their aid in extending the circulation of the paper. We do not ask for unpaid services, as the liberal offers advertised to persons forwarding subscriptions will attest. It is advisable that all who propose to send in lists under the terms which we offer today, should begin at once, as we desire to have returns made within the next thirty days, and may withdrew the terms after that time.

A word to our political friends. In the last ten years there has not occurred a period so auspicious for the growth of the Democratic party as the present. The enormous increase of public expenditures; the hordes of useless office-holders; the extravagance in every department of the government, state and national; the burdensome taxation; the depression of business; the death of our ship-building interests—all testify to the need of change in the direction of public affairs. The minds of people are ready for the reception of different ideas. They are ripe for change. There is no way in which that class can be reached so readily and effectually as by a newspaper. It drops in upon a man at his fireside in his every day life. He gathers from it ideas and arguments that go with him to his work, and stay with him in his daily labor. When he has thoroughly digested them, it comes again, with new facts, and again attracts the man to their consideration. Presently he sees with different eyes, and talks with a new tongue. Political gatherings, processions and speeches are well enough. They excite, but seldom convince. As a means of effecting political changes, the quiet, silent, and oft-recurring visits of a good political newspaper are worth all other means combined. While we intend to make a paper that may read with profit by even our political opponents, whom we have no expectation of converting, in consequence of their hardness of heart,—still our great endeavor will be to disseminate the political gospel.

These suggestions are made with the confident belief that we—and not us alone, but the cause—will receive generous responses from the people.

Need of Care.

The Kennebec Journal, after a review of the material of the new Congress, with its increased Democratic strength, and the ugly questions which the majority must meet, concludes that the radicals must move with great caution. It says—

Dropping from a majority of about a hundred down to a majority less than forty, the republicans in the House require greater care in their movements, and their constituents are reminded of the necessity of giving them a more generous support than has been considered necessary in times past. Congress now represents the Union complete. Should the South organize as a section against the measures and policy of the republican party, the North will be obliged to stand together in self-defence, and this fact should be kept in remembrance by both representatives and people. We cannot tell what may be brought forth during the life of this Congress. With the Blairs, Seymours, and Pendletons of the North in league with the late rebels to overturn the government in the South, we have a revolutionary power to contend against of no mean ability.

The Journal undoubtedly uses the term "government" as it did during the late war, as synonymous with the party in power. Those who were in favor of changing the administration, were classed as being "against the government." And by perpetuating the term to a time of peace, the Journal virtually acknowledges that it had a party signification only. In that sense, we think there is a determination to "overturn the government," and that the fears of the Journal are well founded. The league is strong in the South, it is powerful in the West, and growing in the North. The advice to Congress concerning the need of "going slow," is of the right kind, but it comes too late. The government of force and fraud is doomed.

The attempt in Congress to break the coal monopoly, which at one time looked like a success, failed in the end. A bill totally repealing the import duty passed in the house by the very decided vote of 145 to 46, but was killed in the Senate. The bill would have succeeded, had not the majority party in Congress obstinately hung back on a measure of such obvious justice until it was too late. We shall never get rid of these outrageous robberies until the present dominant party is out of power.

The Occupation of Paris.

For France the cup of humiliation is full. The last act in the drama took place on the 1st, the final acknowledgement that the foot of the conqueror is on her neck. Past the triple lines of her surrendered fortifications, under her arches of triumph, and through the long vistas of her splendid avenues, marched the solid, massive legions of her helmeted conquerors. No wonder that Frenchmen, remembering all that France had been, and realizing what she is, wept bitter tears. No wonder that her streets were deserted, and the statues draped in mourning.

The magnitude of the last prize which is the reward of the Prussian courage and enterprise, can scarcely be overrated. It was the best defended city in the world, so far as extensive fortifications could make it secure. It is enclosed by an immense fortified wall, thirty miles in length, at such a distance as to make the city secure against the best artillery known until within the last ten years. This fortification cost nearly thirty millions of dollars. As additional security there are sixteen huge detached forts lying outside the wall. But still, great as was the courage and skill of the invader, the great helper of the beseigers was famine. There was still material for a protracted defence, but the gaunt wolf of hunger was among its two millions of inhabitants, and further resistance was madness.

For the third time within the memory of men now living, have the victorious Prussians entered Paris, and each time bearing with them the memory of wrongs to be avenged. The First Napoleon was most merciless in his exactions from the conquered northern nations. And when, in 1814, France was crushed between the armies of Wellington in the south and the Russians and Prussians in the north, and Napoleon abdicated, the latter armies occupied Paris. And when Napoleon, escaping from Elba, broke like a thunder cloud upon the peace of the world, Paris was again the objective point of allied Europe. Upon the field of Waterloo the star of the French Emperor set forever, and again the long lines of the invaders marched through the gates of the French capitol, and the half savage Cossack picketed his horse and slept by his campfires in the streets of the city. The occupation was then characterized by a feeling of terrible bitterness between the conquerors and the disbanded French soldiery, with frequent personal encounters. The most impressive event was the execution of the brave but unfortunate Marshal Ney, who having achieved honor and fame under the Emperor, swore allegiance to Louis the Eighteenth. Being sent to oppose the advance of Napoleon, after the escape from Elba, he fell under the old fascination, and joined the Emperor. At Waterloo he headed the grand last charge, upon which the fate of Napoleon depended. After five horses had been shot under him, he marched on foot with the advance of those iron men, until the column melted to nothing before the steady fire of the English guards. Ney lived to be shot like a dog beside a garden wall in Paris.

And now, after the lapse of half a century, the Prussians march again within the walls. But this time with no allies—and that is the sorest reflection for French pride. Scarcely six months ago, the army set out from Paris, headed by the Emperor, with the cry "On to Berlin!" By a series of achievements and victories which have amazed the world, the French armies and Emperor have been captured, the fortified places reduced, and the capitol occupied. We are accustomed to look at the wars of other days for wonderful achievement, but there is little in modern history which for rapid, complete and surprising success, exceeds the war which closed at Paris on Wednesday of last week.

A curious suit is pending before the Supreme Court of Piscataquis. Mr. Haines has a pretty daughter, of which fact Mr. Nutting, "having eyes to see," became aware. He was drawn toward the damsel by the irresistible magnetism of human nature. He haunted the premises; he moved thitherward at regular and appointed intervals; he came with horse and vehicle, which were disposed of in the paternal barn; he had luncheons of cider, cheese, doughnuts, popped corn, etc.; he sat up at night, by the cheering warmth of good hard wood fires; he basked in smiles of the lady and the light of the fires aforesaid, until ever-so-much o'clock. And after all this, Nutting was so bad a nut as to decline to marry. As a consequence the paternal Haines brings a suit at law for the value of refreshments furnished, horse feed, fires, and comforts generally, to the amount of $90 in federal currency. Twelve good men, sworn well and truly to try the issue, are to say whether or not the claim is just and right. If the unmarrying swain is cast in damages, young men will be careful how they go on philandering excursions unless they mean business. The fate of the delightful recreation of courting trembles in the balance.

One of the acts of the late Congress was the establishment of a territorial government for the district of Columbia—a community over which Congress has hitherto exercised guardianship, and made it rather a spoiled child of the family. Whether or not the preponderance of negro votes has caused this move, we cannot say. But since the man and brother has begun to feel his oats so decidedly as entitled to all the considerations of an American citizen, there has been a lurking fear of a local government patterned after that of Hayti, in which no white man is permitted to take a part. Much as they admire negro suffrage and and negro majorities, just that manifestation of them wouldn't be always pleasant. So the District is to have a Governor, appointed by the President, with a Legislature and a Delegate in Congress, to be elected. Henry D. Cook, an eminent banker, has been appointed Governor, and the other officials will soon be chosen.

Just before the expiration of the late Congress, Mr. Cox, of New York, presented the following, Mr. Ferry acting as speaker pro tem—

Resolved, That in view of the difficulties involved in the performance of the duties of Speaker of this House, and the conspicuously able, courteous, dignified and impartial discharge of those duties by the Hon. James G. Blaine during the present Congress, it is eminently becoming that our thanks be tendered, and they are hereby tendered therefor.

Mr. Cox followed the presentation with some remarks complimentary to the speaker, stating that he had been delegated by the Democratic members to offer the resolution. It passed with but one dissenting vote, that of Mr. Mungen, of Ohio.

Our City Election.

The annual choice of a city government, which occurs on Monday next, will be had without regard to party issues or party lines. A large majority of the Republicans of the city, with many Democrats, have joined in a request to William C. Marshall, Esq., to allow the use of his name as candidate for Mayor, and he has assented as will be seen by the correspondence published in this paper. If a regular Republican caucus is called, the friends of Mr. Marshall will control it, and give him the nomination. Probably the same result will be reached in a Citzens' Caucus called for Thursday evening. Those who signed the request to Mr Marshall propose, we learn, to support for Aldermen the following gentlemen: Ward 1, N. F. Houston; Ward 2, Dr. John G. Brooks; Ward 3, Wm. H. Fogler; Ward 4, Sam'l Otis; Ward 5, J. H. Kaler.

No better ticket, for the interests of the city of Belfast, can be constructed. Mr. Marshall, who inherits the financial ability and practical good sense of his father, has the confidence of our people. The candidates for aldermen are unexceptionable as men of integrity and ability.

In this state of things the Democratic City Committee has called no caucus, and probably will not. With the general good feeling that prevails, and the recognized need of cool and clear heads in the management of our city affairs at this time, we cordially advise our friends to support the ticket headed by Mr. Marshall, as for the best interests of the city.

——Dr. Shurtleff, Ex-Mayor of Boston, at the solicitation of the city government, has furnished the manuscript of his "Historical and Topographical Description of Boston" for publication. It has been printed at the city expense, for distribution. The work is one of great interest, embodying the labors of a painstaking gatherer of facts during a long period.

——Folks over at Brunswick don't mind getting into dangerous places. A sample of the way in which they get out is thus related by the Telegraph—

Walter Ross, while crossing the river to Topsham side, on Monday, broke through, coming up where the ice was thin; coming up he felt the ice over his head; he broke through with his fists and telling Mr. Wilson, his companion, not to come to him, broke on until he came to firm ice and then threw himself out.

——Since the Legislature adjourned, the favorite recreation at Augusta is fishing through the ice for suckers. On Friday, an old gentleman named Murphy, while indulging in this gentle pastime, broke through, and came near being drowned.

——Dr. Calvin Seavey, of Bangor, in a letter to the Democrat, asks by what right the faculty of Bowdoin College admit a foreign born negro to the medical lectures free of charge, while all the white students are made to pay. The Doctor thinks that charity begins at home.

——We are happy to be able to say that Lewiston continues to be a Democratic city. That sterling Democrat, Dr. Alonzo Garcelon, was on Monday elected Mayor, by 58 majority. The Journal acknowledges defeat, and trots out a rooster of the most forlorn aspect. There was no choice for Mayor in Auburn.

——A young man with little brain power, free from the corruptions and damning influence of rum-drinking, is a long way in advance, in the matters of practical life, of the brilliant young man whose brain is beclouded with the fumes of whiskey. [Kennebec Journal.

Will it be asking too much, if we inquire from which position our neighbor speaks?

——The election of Samuel Byrant, Esq. as Mayor of Rockland, by 85 majority, places a competent and worthy gentleman and a good Democrat in that position. A Democratic Mayor of Rockland! Well, the world does move!

——Mr. Blethen, of Dover was made very sick by eating clams, and thinks he kept his shell-fish too long. It is thought that the same treatment will spoil beef steak. With daily communication with Belfast, there is no excuse for bad clams.

——A Gardiner policeman, having discovered some prowling burglars in that city, warns them, by a paragraph in the Reporter, that they will be arrested if they persist. Wouldn't it be better to arrest them first, and tell of it afterwards?

——Wm. Thompson, Esq., of Bangor is suffering from paralysis of the right side. Mr. T. is proprietor of the extensive printing establishment in that city, and was formerly publisher of the Daily Times.

——Capt. Orcutt, of sch. Georgia, of Belfast, was arrested in New York last week, for going into dock and discharging cargo without the usual examination by the health officer. She was from the West Indies.

——Ambrose Wilson, Esq., of Brewer well known to many of the people of Belfast, died on Tuesday morning last, of rheumatic fever. He was a kind-hearted, genial gentleman, whose loss is greatly deplored.

——The editors of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Vermont, propose to join in a grand excursion to Lake George, Montreal and the White Mountains next summer.

——The Republican Journal passes its cat's foot with the claws drawn in, over the bill of Sheriff Grose, for hanging Clifton Harris. [Machias Republican

Yes, we "pass." What will become of the Republican when it is "ordered up," on a like occasion?

——In Portland, Kingsbury, Republican, is elected Mayor by 332 majority. Four of the seven wards are also republican.

——Dick Busted imprisons persons who express contempt for his court in Alabama. If he persists, the whole country will have to be locked up.

——Gardiner and Camden have live grasshoppers, as well as Belfast. If this thing goes on, the grasshoppers will be a burden, even in winter.

——The Ellsworth American is tantalizing us by telling of a party that caught 575 pounds of trout in three days.

——Hon. Lot M. Morrill has arrived at Washington, in an improved state of health.

——Mr. Hicks, of Bennington, fasted 34 days to starve out disease. He succeeded, and was buried on Friday.

——We are indebted to Warren Johnson, State School Superintendent, for a copy of his Annual Report.

—— Mr. Peters, of Eastport, tired of the troubles of this world, applied a razor to his throat, and passed to the other side.

——Gold mining at Tobique River is to be among the Provincial excitements for the coming year.

——Walter Brown, the celebrated Portland oarsman, is dead. The battle of life is not always to the strong.

Railroad Meeting.

Decidedly the liveliest meeting held in our city since the inception of our road, was on Tuesday afternoon last, on the occasion of the visit of one hundred of the citizens of Canaan, Hartland and St. Albans, in reference to the extension of the railroad to those towns. Hayford Hall was crowded with an audience composed of the visitors and our own citizens. Mayor Hayford called the meeting to order, and nominated Gen. Webster to the chair. The chairman made some remarks explanatory of the purpose of the occasion, and called upon Mr. Burrill of Canaan to address the people—

Mr. Burrill said the town of Canaan had no road, and hoped Belfast would conclude to hold to its road and not lease to the Maine Central. We can build from Burnham to Canaan; have subscribed $80,000, which is not one fourth of what we can do. (applause) We can make it pay three times what it otherwise would. We are lugging business to Skowhegan continually. Hold on five years, and I will agree to lease it one year at $40,000. Ten men in Skowhegan can and will build a road from Skowhegan to Canaan. The former place has an immense water power, is but 30 miles from the open sea, and with railroad facilities might become a Lewiston. She wants a cheap inlet for corn, iron, salt and all heavy goods. You will make an awful mistake if you lease to the Maine Central. If you don't lease, when you get to Canaan your troubles are over. I am ready to contract for $10,000 worth of freight this year. Only hold on where you are, and you are all right.

Mr. Linn, woolen manufacturer, of Hartland, made some remarks to the effect that the country above is rich in business, and that the policy of Belfast should be to manage the road itself. The policy of the Maine Central would be to take business away instead of bringing it. The towns were ready to take hold as soon as there was a guaranty that the road would not be leased. Once at Canaan, the road is sure to be extended.

Mr. Barrett, of Canaan spoke at considerable length concerning the wealth and resources of Canaan, which desire business connections with Belfast. But if you lease this road, farewell to you and our mutual advantage.

Mr Webb, of Hartland, said he came rather to hear than to talk. His town had felt a deep interest in this road heretofore, when the talk was that we were to have an independent line to promote business here and in the interior. They had not expected the sad mistake of a lease of this road, whereby it would become the vassal and slave of another. He hoped now it would not be suffered. But notwithstanding the past, we are glad to meet you, if you are honest in a desire to come to us. We don't know what to think or say. But this is true—stick to your road and you insure prosperity; give it up and you are damned. Canaan is a wealthy agricultural town. Hartland is a manufacturing town, with great water power. In the dry season of last summer, Mr. Linn ran his factories without interruption. We have a factory, tanneries, ten stores, with a great deal freight each year. There are immense tracts of woodland which a road would bring to market. We must depend on railroads to develop the State, or else it must go down.

Mr. Tuttle, of Canaan, said they were visited by a delegation from Belfast, who said that if we wanted a road we could have it. Now we are here to say that if you want us to build from Burnham to Canaan, we will do it. (Applause.) And we assure you that if you cut loose, we will build it. You have: beautiful city, bay and harbor. It was designed by nature for the country above. At Burnham you have just reached the base of a great business. If you stop and let the Maine Central have it, where is the good to Belfast? You will be just a feeder, and will be ruined. There is an old fable of an entertainment given by the lion in his den to which all the animals were invited. All went except the fox, who hailed outside. "Are you afraid to go in?" asked the lion—"see the tracks of all these who have gone in before you." "True," replied the fox, "a great many have gone in—the trouble is, I don't see any tracks coming out!" If you accept the offer of the Maine Central we shall never see your tracks again. Nothing ever went in there and came out again. The charter was given for us as well as you, and it is wrong to deprive us of it. Mr. Tuttle continued at length, in a very forcible speech, showing the business to come from an extension of the road, and the disastrous result of its control by the Maine Central.

Mr. Hayford, President of the road, gave a history of the attempts to take freight over the road to points on the Maine Central, and of the prohibitory discrimination made by the latter. The tendency of such conduct as the Maine Central could exercise was to draw business away from Belfast. Mr. H. gave details of facts and figures.

At this point, Gen. Webster, being called away, resigned the chair to Nehemiah Abbott, Esq. Mr. A. said he never doubted that it was bad policy to tie up this road for 50 years. He was happy to see our friends from the interior here. And he had very decided opinions about the late offer of the Maine Central. He would not accept it. He didn't know as he would to save his life—certainly not to save his property. (Applause.) It is a gross insult. After getting us to build to Burnham, and getting the benefit of the road as a feeder, they now say they are not bound by their contract. Can they afford to insult us in this way? Can they afford to bring themselves in collision with the whole state? We want to perfect our railroad system, and carry it forward, and it will be done as surely as the sun rises. (Applause.) It will go to the Lake within 15 years. (Applause.) They prevented a charter to Bangor, but they can't do it again. It isn't Christian, but I feel something like revenge. (Applause.) I am provoked at our Directors for offering the road at $40,000. Let us make our connections, and promote a parallel route. We can do it. Let us see if they can with impunity attempt to rob us of $650,000 in the fifty years, and put it in their pockets. (Applause.)

Hon. A. G. Jewett said he regarded this as a critical time in the history of Belfast and of this section of the State. Mr. Abbott had taken, he said, the wind out of his sails. (applause) From the bottom of my soul I thank him for what he said. I never know him so near right before. (applause) He did not propose that those Kennebec men should serve this road as they had one over there, and steal it. In proposals they were to have our charter—not to control, but to own it. It is simply saving to us "stand and deliver." (applause) Mr. Jewett, referring to diagram, shew the European and North American road, with its connections westward. We are 32 miles toward it. Sleepy Hollow has dug out. (laughter) The Central has always opposed the crossing of their line. They told me so at Augusta, when our charter was granted, and that we couldn't cross. I said, then we'll have a fight. It is peace or war, as you please. And they said—Let us have peace. (applause) Our charter alone is worth a million dollars, and those Kennebec gentlemen proposed to take it and our road besides for $35,000 per year. That charter authorizes the issue of five millions of preferred stock. In Rice's hands, they will issue as much stock as they please, and soon there will be none but Kennebec directors; then Judge Rice becomes the representative of both roads. "But," you say, "there is a contract to pay us $35,000 a year." Yes, but this new power over our road will pass a vote to annul that! He would say to our friends from up country, don't be anxious. This city is to show its hand next Monday. We are to have an election, and even a constable can't be chosen who is in favor of accepting the offer made. The legal situation of affairs respecting our road has not been understood. He had been associate counsel for the road with Gen. Crosby, who is now ill. Recently he had gone carefully over the contract for a lease, and he found we have as good a case as we can have. As good a lawyer as H. O. Alden agreed with him. There is no doubt of our ability to sue and recover. We can choose whether to enforce the contract or sue for damages. The contract is perfect. I have, as counsel, advised the Directors to recall their offer. We have their agreement to pay six per cent on the road as fast as built, and no limit as to time, except on the lower section. After having come on their knees and begged for the road, they now refuse to take it on account of a few defective sleepers. It is like refusing to take a house built under contract, on account of a defect in the pig-stye!

Our friends from Canaan offer us $150,000, or a road that costs that, to be ready by November. It will add immensely to business on our road. When it gets to Abbot, it will be worth five dollars where it is now worth one dollar. We are going, God willing, into the country. And we are going to have our rights. I have some real estate here, and I will mortgage everything I have to raise money to pay our debts, rather than yield to that concern. Our taxes will be higher for a year or two. But we are going to live, and treat Judge Rice well, if he comes here. But we have a lesson to teach those gentlemen. I advise the Canaan people not to expend one dollar until this question is settled, and they are sure there is to be no cheat. We mean to be direct and plain, and damned be he who don't come up to his agreement on their part.

W. C. Marshall, being called upon said that there had been so much said and to the point, that he could add nothing to it. He recognized the needs of the country above, and of ourselves as being reciprocal. We have the nearest tide water, and they have rich agriculture and manufacturing region. They desire to be rid of dependence on the Maine Central, whose only guiding principle is that the country and the people were made for the road, and not the road for the country and people. No language is severe enough to denounce the treatment we have received from the Maine Central. When here striving for this lease, they stigmatized each other as bands of thieves. If that was true, we have now a double band of thieves to contend with. Mr. M. made statements showing the unfavorable effect on the business of the road resulting from the Maine Central tariffs. He said—I believe we should stick to our original lease, and take no other, provided we can get along with our finances. If the contract is not binding, no binding agreement can be made. If we can push this road, by all means let us do it. We then shall extend our business and build up the city. If we can do better, I say, in God's name don't yield one iota.

Seth L. Milliken, in behalf of the Directors, said that all that was done at Portland, or proposed to be done, was to get the best offer and bring it home for consideration. He would say, as to the former proposition to go to Hartland and St. Albans, that when the Pittsfield authorities came to subscribe, they wished to put in a condition that the road should stop there, which could not be agreed to. He believed the hand of Providence was in the placing of this road just where it is. At Newport we were stopped from going further. At Kendall's Mills, if they had chosen to have repudiated the lease, we should also have been stopped. But now the whole country is open before us, and we are in the best position.

The meeting then adjourned, with three cheers for the extension of the railroad.

Letter From Boston.

Correspondence of the Journal.

BOSTON, March 6, 1871.

THE BOSTON ART CLUB

the rooms of which are situated on Boylston street, is perhaps one of the most attractive places in this city in which to while away the hours of an evening. The club is composed of all the leading artists of Boston, as well as some connoisseurs and patrons of art, and nearly every week they hold receptions for which tickets of invitation are issued. Down past the Common you take your way, watching as you walk the gleam and glimmer of the many lights that dance through the darkness and mist, and shivering just a little at the thoughts suggested by the trees faintly outlined in the gloom. How firm and straight they stand, and yet how desolate and alone! Apart one from the other, and wailing through their leafless branches such a sad, weird song. What is the interpretation of its mystical meaning? Does it tell of the past; and a fleeting life gone down to death; or does it—and the heart bounds with joy—speak of the coming glory when it is to be clothed anew in beauty, brightness, gladness? The breezes bear no answer. And you hurry on past the inviting light that shines from the Public Library, past palatial residences, and stand at last before a tall handsome house which was formerly a private residence. You ascend the long flight of granite steps and ring the bell. A gentlemanly man opens the door, to whom you show your card, and receive a pleasant invitation to come in. You find yourself in a large, well-lighted hall, leading to a small retiring room beyond, where you may leave your outside wraps if you choose, or retain them if otherwise inclined, and be ushered at once into the parlors. The club-rooms comprise two large parlors and a small square room, which might have been a library, all thrown together by means of sliding doors. The floors are covered with a soft neutral tinted carpet, and the walls and ceiling are frescoed a light lead color, lending to the rooms a highly artistic look, and heightening the effect of the many rare paintings upon the walls. The beauty of these are further enhanced by the brilliant light from the numerous gas jets, made more dazzling and intense by powerful reflectors. In the centre of each parlor is a marble-topped table holding framed catalogues of the pictures on exhibition. In the room beyond are quite a number of cozy arm-chairs, upholstered in crimson leather, and a large, heavy table, covered with the same material, holds pen, ink, paper, newspapers and bound volumes of rare engravings. Two niches on one side of this room are occupied by cabinets containing valuable majolica plate, Japanese bowls, and other curiosities. Bas-reliefs, plaster casts and pictures are upon the walls and mantle, and the large and beautiful piece of Gobelin tapestry taken from the Deacon house, hangs upon one side of this room. The guests are nearly all lovers of art. The ladies are in their most attractive costumes, and the various hues, woven into the sheen of silk or the warp of wool, blend pleasantly in the eye. The gentlemen are no less faultless and fastidious in their dress, and all move softly about the room, admiring in mute rapture the collected treasures of art, or discussing their merits in subdued whispers. The present collection of paintings embraces 72 pictures by foreign and American artists. All are so pleasing that enumeration of the best is a difficult task. But perhaps among the most striking is a forest interior by Archenbach, "The Haymakers" by Rosa Bonheur, Two Roman girls, one by Hunt, the other by Virgil Williams. Spring by C. H. Jacques, and Grief by Diaz. This latter painting rested on an easel at one end of the parlors. But none of them pleased us better than two New England sketches, one "Near Dover" by Ordway, the other "Concord River" by Fisher. The coloring of both was bright, cheerful and effective, and the soft, blue, dreamy skies seemed to smile down upon the limpid waters that flowed beneath. A Salmon by Brackett also received much attention, as it lay with its sleek, shining sides, tempting the palate as well as eye.

FAIR AT MUSIC HALL.

During last week Music Hall has again been occupied by a grand fair. It was in aid of the Consumptives Home, a benevolent institution established in this city by Dr Cullis, as a retreat for homeless individuals afflicted with this terrible malady. The object was so meritorious that its success was insured from the first. The decorations were a little different from those usually seen, and it was generally remarked through the week that Music Hall never looked prettier. Perhaps this was in a large measure attributable to the bevy of beautiful ladies who acted as saleswomen. We heard one lady remark—and women are usually judges in such cases—that she never remembered to have seen together at one time so many young, beautiful and richly dressed ladies. No one we think will disagree with her, or that Saturday night witnessed as large, fashionable and distinguished an audience as is usually seen at such places of entertainment. Galleries, floor and platform seemed literally packed. Looking at the gay assemblage and the bright, attractive decorations, listening to the deliciously sweet strains that Gilmore's Band poured forth, and inhaling the balmy breath of the odorous flowers, one might have imagined themselves straying in a fairy realm.

OTHER ITEMS.

The sermons of Rev. Mr. Murray are to be henceforth given to the public in book form the next morning after their delivery in Park Street Church. James R. Osgood & Co. are the publishers, and the first sermon is issued to-day. They will be sold at ten cents per single copy or four dollars a year by subscription. The sermon to-day contains a grand compliment to the press.

Rev. Mr. Fulton assured his hearers yesterday that a portion of the world had been elected to be saved the rest to be destroyed, and proclaimed himself a detective of each portion. No amount of prayer or pleading would save the unfortunate ones, and he had got so he could tell which ones to pray for. We guess Mr. F—— never saw a mirror.

The Fair in aid of the French will open at the Boston Theatre April 10th. The wealthy ladies of Boston are making extensive preperations for it, and it will undoubtedly be a very grand affair.

PERCIE.

Correspondence.

To W. C. MARSHALL, Esq—

The undersigned, citizens, voters and taxpayers in Belfast, irrespective of political parties, having the fullest confidence in your ability and integrity, respectfully ask that you will allow your name to be used in the ensuing municipal election, as candidate for Mayor, and pledge you our hearty support.

(SIGNED BY 350 PERSONS.)

BELFAST, March 6th, 1870.

GENTLEMEN: I am fully sensible of the honor conferred upon me by the request of so large a number of the leading citizens and business men of Belfast, that I should consent to be their candidate for Mayor at the election now at hand, but I regret it had not been bestowed upon some other person. I have no desire for public office or public station, and, besides, my business requires all my time and care. Still I value highly the good opinion and good will of my fellow citizens. I acknowledge, too, my attachment and my duty to my native town—wherein I hope always to have my home; and hence I must disregard my own inclinations and feelings, as well as my business interests, and accept (with great reluctance, however, I confess,) the nomination you so freely and without regard to party ties, have tendered to me. If elected, I will try to do my duty to the city—knowing no other end or aim than her true interest and well-being.

I must, however, protest against being held in any way responsible for the present condition of her financial affairs. Neither do I profess to have any infallible remedy or "Policy," except, perhaps, this: That the city of Belfast, as the non-preferred stockholder in the Belfast & Moosehead Lake Railroad, should "*stick*" to the original lease made with the Maine Central Railroad Company, and consent to no other if she can possibly avoid it. To accept lower rates would be to sacrifice her non-preferred stock—to say nothing of other consequences. And, in saying this, I do not wish to attack the President or the Directors of our Railroad Company, because they have offered a new lease at lower rates. They did, undoubtedly, what they thought for the best; and perhaps all of us, if we knew as much of the difficulties of the situation as they do, might acquiesce; but they must first show us there is no other resource. The city officers, however, have only a veto power upon them. The Directors can lease the road as they choose, and the city officers can do nothing till they are called upon to give their sanction, and perhaps in that case they should be instructed by vote of the citizens. If the Directors shall refuse to lease, then the city officers will not be compelled to act at all. Practically, therefore, the present Board of Directors during their term of office, have entire control of the Railroad.

I state these points that the powers and responsibilities of the two Boards may be fully considered. Respectfully yours,

WM. C. MARSHALL.

To Danl. Haraden,

LOCAL ITEMS, &c.

News of the County and City.

FLOUNDERS. Tennyson says:

"In the spring a young man's fancy,
Lightly turns to thoughts of love."

Which may be the case in All's section, but with us it turns to thoughts of mud and fishing. NEXT week the school vacation will begin and then the boys will ask this conundrum: "which had I rather do or go fishing?" And in a large percentage of cases he will answer it in the affirmative, and as he flounders round in the mud, it will naturally suggests to him those other Flounders, round in the mud, and it is to them that we now intend to throw a line.

Like corned beef and pickles, the Flounder will be always found in salt water. Whenever you see him in fresh water, he is either put there to boil or else he is some other kind of fish. Our big dish of brine contains flounders for all who care to seek them. He is not all of one size; there is more of some of him than of others. There is most of him by broad measure, as edgewise he is no thicker than a flapjack. A medium one is about the shape of a Western bed-bug, though not quite so large. One that is eight inches long will not be more then two thirds of a foot in length. They dwell near the bottom and plow round like a government dredger. The time they eat best, is when they are hungry. The sense of that sentence was spoiled to preserve the grammar, as we meant that the best time to eat them, is in cool weather, and we nominate Spring as a good season. Like our politicians, they eat a good deal of mud, and in warm weather taste that—clam flat. In New York the people eat them any time, but the natives there are liable to do anything.

Flounders are blackish on the back and white on the belly, which is probably caused by their backs being tanned by the sun. They swim flat wise like a fried potato, and their mouth is up and down like the handle of a jug. When they eat they have to turn up sideways, which is a little unhandy, but no more so than to have such large feet as to be obliged to get out of bed every time you want to turn over. They have a small mouth, and a little food is a good deal to them. Like the rest of us, they like clams, and are even willing to swallow a fish hook in order to obtain a taste.

There are lots of things flounders are good for beside eating. A great many mothers take the skin and patch the seats of their little boys trousers, and it wears well. The back being dark and the belly light, it will match most any cloth. Take them dried and they make a very neat tap on a boot, and one well applied by a parent, will often cause a blush to suffuse—not the face of a naughty boy—but further down his anatomy. Put on the roof and sides of a house, instead of shingles, they make a very neat appearance and will turn water worse than slate. Sew on a thumb to one of a proper size and it makes a durable mitten.

As an appeaser of hunger they are good. It is always a good idea to catch them before attempting to cook them. After catching a mess, and if they bite well, it will not take more than a day or two to get all you need, struggle home with them and proceed to skin them. Take off the skin just the opposite of pulling off your shirt, that is pull from the head, as the nap runs that way. Decapitate them, cut off the narrative, all loose bones you see sticking out, and roll them (the fish not the bones) in meal and fry to a nice brown in pork fat. Eat a dozen or fifteen, and take our word for it, you will find them good, and will have the edge of your appetite turned considerably.

As our paper comes out in new form this week, we don't wish to monopolize too much space, and as our readers have floundered round long enough over this article, we will let them swim off into deeper water.

AN OLD VETERAN. The career of Lord Nelson passed into history long since, and it seems almost a resurrection now to meet one who fought under the great Admiral. Capt. William Slater who now resides with his son, John G. Slater, in Belmont, served for ten years in Nelson's fleet, and took part in all the great battle which made the Admiral's name illustrious. Capt. Slater was born in Liverpool, in 1777, and at fourteen years of age was bound as an apprentice on board an English merchantman. Two or three years afterwards he was pressed on board the Cambridge man of war, and in her made a cruise off Brest and up the Straits. He was then transferred to the 74 gun ship Audacious, under Nelson, and with him participated in seven general engagements, among which were the battle of the Nile, the capture of Copenhagen, and the battle of Trafalgar, where Lord Nelson was killed. At one time, while in the British navy, off the coast of Africa, he and sixteen others, while ashore for water, were taken prisoners and stripped naked by the natives. Of the whole number, only four, Capt. S. and three others, escaped alive.

Shortly after the battle of Trafalgar, having served in the English navy more than ten years, Capt. S. obtained his discharge, and in 1806 came to this country and settled in the town of Washington, in Knox county. From that time till less than twenty years ago, he followed the sea the greater part of the time. He has sailed around the world twice, has made fifty voyages to the West Indies, and after all his cruisings and adventures is still a tough, rugged, old man, apparently good for another score of years. His memory of the early scenes of his eventful life is as clear, and his descriptions of them as vivid, as they were in his youth. His wife, whom he married in Washington, died two years ago at the advanced age of eighty-nine years. His father, Mark Slater, was a Captain in the British Artillery service, and was killed at Dunkirk.

Capt. Wm. T. Elwell, of Northport, was knocked overboard from schooner Holbrook, off Holmes Hole, last week and drowned. His body was brought home, and his funeral on Sunday last, was attended by a very large number of his neighbors and friends, by whom he was highly esteemed.

Calvin Pitcher, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Belfast, died in this city on Saturday, at the residence of Noah Mathews. He was 81 years of age. Mr. Pitcher came to Belfast, from New Hampshire, sixty years ago, and has resided here ever since, with the well earned reputation of a good and useful citizen. His wife, the daughter of Noah Prescott, of Searsmont, survives him, after fifty-five years of married life.

"WHAT'S THE PRICE OF EGGS?" A Main street trader, whose store was in charge of a boy, made a queer discovery, when he chanced to look in at the rear window. The boy being busy behind the counter, a loafing old sinner stood by a basket of eggs, his eyes fixed on the clerk, while his hand went from the basket to his pocket, as regularly as the swing of a pendulum. Opening the door noiselessly, he confronted the pilferer, whose only remark was "Mr. D., what's the price of eggs?" The old fellow's *face*, as he put that hen fruit back, was a study for a philosopher.

Mrs. Lydia, wife of Joseph Woods, of Unity, died on the third inst., at the age of 91. This venerable couple were among the earliest settlers of the town, and very fine specimens of the good old stock.

Mrs. Ruth Gardiner, an aged lady of this city, was seized with paralysis on Saturday, while attending the Baptist Quarterly Meeting. She was conveyed to the house of Gorham Lancaster, where she lies with no hope of recovery.

Rev. Dr. Ricker, of Augusta, will preach at the Baptist church next Sabbath at 2 P. M., and at 7 in the evening. All are invited. Seats free.

From the fact that we received a silver quarter of a dollar at par, as change, in a banking institution of this city, we infer that specie payment is not far off. It looked like the good old times.

We noticed Mr. F. J. Simonton in town the first of the week, looking over with his partner their stock of dry goods, with a view to replenishing for the coming season. Their establishment will keep up its well earned reputation for excellence of goods and moderate prices.

Messrs. Carter & Alexander last week furnished their customers with cuts from the carcase of a moose.

Mr. Robie F. Carter, a former citizen of Belfast, but for the past twelve years resident at Champagne, Ill., is visiting his friends here. Mr. Eben Town has just returned from California.

Women are to vote, if the Debating Club at North Belfast can bring it about. They have just resolved that it ought to be.

The subordinate appointments in the Custom House have not been made yet. There is some hitch in the machinery, it is thought.

Frank Cousins, charged with threats to burn the building of his father-in-law, Benj. S. Patterson, of Swanville, was before the Police Court last week. Failing to give $500 bonds, he was committed to jail.

The crows put in an appearance in this vicinity last Sunday. They have been visiting their Southern brethren. Wild geese have also been seen going north.

Our grasshoppers are dead, from pining after the February fields of Maine, we suppose.

Foxes have been unusally destructive in Palermo the past winter, having carried off $75 worth of poultry. Mr. Alpheus M. Blaisdell declared war against the invaders, and has trapped twenty-two since last fall. The skins sell for $1.50 each.

The new bark Mendez will be commanded by Capt. Eleazer McGilvery, son of the builder, a young gentleman of excellent qualities.

Lewis F. Butler and Chas. W. Davis, of Rockland, are in the jail in this city, charged with having robbed the store of John F. Brown, at Blackington's corner—with a strong probability that the charge is true.

Horatio H. Carter and associates are preparing to raise the frame of a schooner in the yard south of the upper steamboat wharf.

NORTHPORT. At the annual town meeting in Northport, on Monday, the following town officers were chosen—Moderator, R. W. Ellis; Selectmen and Assessors, J. M. Stevens, F. A. Dickey, W. J. Greenlaw; Treasurer and Auditor, Dan'l Patch; School Com. J. R. Hurd; Constable and Collector, J. L. Witherlee; Town Agent, J. M. Stevens.

Whitmore and Clark's Minstrels and Brass Band, will give one of their entertainments in this city on Saturday evening. They offer great attractions of a novel kind. Their former visits to this city, have given satisfaction, and they will no doubt have a crowded house. See advertisement.

The old sunken raft of hard wood logs in Goose Pond, Swanville, seems destined to immortality. We published an account of it three or four years ago. [Prog. Age.

Then it has come to the surface only twice in a dog's Age, which is not very often.

PROSPECT. At the annual town meeting, on Monday, the following officers were chosen: Moderator, James H. Killman; Clerk, Wilbur Grant; Selectmen, Willard Mudgett, Isaac I. Smith, E. D. Herriman; Treasurer, S. S. Trevett; Collector, Henry L. Clifford.

The parishioners and friends of Rev. W. O. Thomas made a donation visit at the parsonage one evening last week, and left with him a purse of $100.

Don't forget the entertainment every night by Prof. Stone, at Hayford Hall. He has the most complimentary notices from the press in Bangor and Augusta, and we believe every one who attends will be amply repaid.

Judge Dickerson is holding Court at Houlton.

Carleton delivered his very interesting lecture on the Great North West in this city on Tuesday evening. We regret that the crowded state of our columns will not admit of a more extended notice. Mrs. Livermore will lecture on Thursday evening of next week. Her reputation as a lady of intellect and as a fascinating speaker will draw a crowded house.

W. W. Thomas, Esq. Commissioner for promoting Swedish immigration, was in our city on Wednesday, on his way to Stockton to lecture.

SHORT CAKE. How do you like our appearance this week?.....Those ladies who "have nothing to wear" should emigrate to the region that Du Chaillu spoke of, where an umbrella or hat is full dress.....Some small boys were reading a notice, tacked to a tree, of an "over skirt lost," when one spoke up, "Hello! some body has lost his shirt!".....Owing to the bad state of the roads the stages are not running strictly according to the time table.....We understand that Dana Southworth has purchased the interest of Henry Parker in the Belfast Livery Company.....This moon is affording a good opportunity for out door courting, if one has the requisite material for the job.....Winter has concluded not to "linger in the lap of Spring"—unless it changes its mind....."Oh Canaan, sweet Canaan, we're bound for the land of Canaan," railroadly speaking.....Next Tuesday we are to choose a mate for our iron horse; it will be a Mayor.....Don't all move to the Great North West on the strength of what Carlton says. He was very pacific—Northern Pacific.....Prof. Pierce is renovating his shop, putting in new floor and ceiling, and otherwise fixing up.....William Hatch has had a butterfly hatched at his house which is only waiting for summer to "go out on the fly."....We understand that the Masonic Library Association intend giving a theatrical entertainment, to raise funds for the benefit of their Library.....Nearly a hundred members of adjacent lodges visited the Timothy Chase Lodge last Thursday evening. A substantial repast was furnished there, and a pleasant evening passed.

The Old Congress and the New.

WASHINGTON, March 4. The 41st Congress ended and the 42d Congress organized to-day in the presence of overflowing galleries of spectators and an extraordinary attendance on the floors of the Senate and House. With the exception of the non-admission of the Democratic Senator from Alabama, there was a complete organization of the new Congress. The Senate being a perpetual body, of course elected no officers, while that proceeding in the House was merely the ratification of the republican caucus nominations, which passed off without any incident worthy of notice.

THE MISSISSIPPI AND TENNESSEE DELEGATES.

The Democrats protested against the admission of the Republican delegation from Mississippi, on the ground that they were elected for the last and present Congress on the same day, and received certificates from the military instead of the State authorities, while the Republicans objected to the swearing in of the Tennessee delegates, on the ground that they were elected on a day not named by law. The questions were fully argued and both delegations were then sworn in, with a reservation that the credentials of the latter members should be examined and reported upon by the Committee on Elections.

THE COLORED CONGRESSMEN.

There was quite a little sensation when the five negro members appeared before the Speaker and were sworn in. Three of them are black. In the choice of seats three of them chose seats in a row just in front of Gen. Banks, while the other two were sandwiched elsewhere among the white Republican members.

AN EARLY ADJOURNMENT.

After the new Congress organized there was a most emphatic vote in the House in favor of adjournment from next week to December. More than two-thirds of the members voted for that adjournment, and no doubt is felt of the concurrence of the Senate. Before the House voted, Dawes, who proposed it, was appealed to to withhold his resolution till the President's wish could be learned, but the House insisted and voted with the result named. The impression has been quite general that there would be a session of a month or six weeks, but the fact that all the appropriation bills were passed, materially aided the vote for going home at once.

A STAB AT THE MINORITY.

Just before the old Congress took a recess early this morning the Republicans made an effort to so amend the rules as to retain the same power of forcing legislation through, the same as under the old two-thirds rule, now destroyed by increased Democratic strength. Garfield of Ohio, with the concurrence of leading Republicans elected to the next House, proposed a resolution that after a vote to order the previous question should be taken, but one motion, and that to adjourn, should be in order, thus preventing the minority from resisting the passage of a bill through the usual parliamentary forms. The Democrats jumped to their feet in fierce denunciation of the movement, and Brooks of New York informed the radical side that if persisted it would be resisted to the very borders of revolution. Finally the Republicans came to the conclusion that on the tariff or tax questions enough of their own number might vote with the Democrats and thus cause this new rule to return home to plague its inventors. It was one of the boldest infringements on the rights of the minority ever attempted in Congress.

In 1858 Henry C. Carey wrote a letter to President Buchanan, in which was the following sentence:

"The day is fast approaching, Mr President, when not a single steamer carrying the American flag will float upon the ocean, except Government ships and the very few private ones engaged in the coasting trade, in which foreign competition is wholly interdicted."

This prophecy has approached so near fulfilment as to excite the most serious apprehensions of its total consummation. The only way to prevent such a result is to relieve shipbuilding of the burdens of taxation in all the elements of construction, in tariff duties, local assessments, equipments, etc. The Newburyport Herald says: "Last May a shipbuilder in this city was taxed $1300 on a new unsold ship, and if we take that off, the amount must come from something else. Now the argument in favor of abolishing the national tax is that the British do so, and it would only put the American builder on the same basis for competition. But the argument is just as good for the abolition of the local tax, as it would only put the builder in Massachusetts on a fair plane for competition with the shipbuilders of New York and Pennsylvania, which States do not tax ships in process of building. The first thing for us to do is to ask the Legislature to exempt all personal property employed in shipbuilding from taxation so long as any States in the Union do that; and then we shall be prepared to go to Congress and ask it to remit duties in favor of shipbuilding so long as Great Britain shall do. Let us encourage ourselves and our own industries and interests, and then ask the nation to do the same for us; put our own shoulder to the wheel, and then ask Hercules to give us a lift."

THE AGE OF MANKIND. Of one hundred men who are born, fifty die before the tenth year, twenty between the tenth and twentieth, ten between the twentieth and thirtieth, six between the thirtieth and fortieth, five between fortieth and sixtieth, therefore, six only live to above the age of sixty. Haller, who recollected the greatest number of instances respecting the age of man, found the relative duration of life to be in the following proportions: Of men who lived from one hundred to one hundred and ten years, the instances have been one thousand; of from one hundred and ten to one hundred and thirty, sixty.

To dodge the Civil Rights bill, the tickets issued for the New Orleans Opera House are inscribed: "Contract between the Opera Association of New Orleans and the holder of this ticket. It is agreed and this ticket is sold with the understanding that the controller shall have the right to refuse admission to or expel the holder thereof upon returning the regular price of the same."

SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC. A philosopher in the West, grown into admiration of the Cherry pectoral, writes Dr. Ayer for instructions under which sign he shall be bled, which blistered, and which vomited, and under which he shall take Ayer's Pills for an affection of the liver: also under which sign his wife should commence to take the Sarsaparilla for her ailment. He adds that he already knows how to wean his calves under Taurus, change his pigs in Scorpio, cut his hair in Aries, and soak his feet in Pisces or Aquarius as their condition requires.

Schoolmasters, start for Wisconsin, and visit Mr. Ham when you get there. [Lowell Daily News. 1m32

A DIALOGUE IN WALL STREET. It is a vulgar error to suppose habitues of Wall street converse about nothing but stocks and gold. Sometimes they talk about their health; and they all seem to have one trouble—billiousness. The wear and tear of speculation invariably tells upon the liver.

"How do you think I'm looking?" said a well known "Bull" to a friend in the Long Room, a few days after the late smash-up in gold; "Do I look panic-struck?"

"No; by Jove!" was the reply "you look in trim to fight for a man's life. Never saw you looking better.,"

"Let me tell you a secret my boy," returned the great operator; "I drink no wine, no brandy, no bar-room stimulant of any kind; but I just keep my stamina up with an occasional dose of PLANTATION BITTERS; and if you'll do me the favor to try it for that bile on your stomach you're always complaining of, I'll furnish the margin for your next spec, if it doesn't cure you."

The gentleman referred to (the initial of whose Christian name is not very far from the end of the alphabet) has unbounded confidence in the restorative; and his bright eye, firm nerves, and wonderful powers of endurance, prove that it is well-founded.

SEA MOSS FARINE from pure Irish Moss for Blanc Mange, Puddings, Custards, Creams, &c, &c. The cheapest, healthiest, and most delicious food in the world.

It is a rare thing that Physicians give any countenance to a medicine, the manufacture of which is a secret. About the the only exception we know of is Johnson's Anodine Liniment. This, we believe, all endorse, and many of them use it in their practice with great success.

Persons requiring purgatives or pills should be careful what they buy. Some pills not only cause griping pains, but leave the bowels in a torpid, costive state. Parson's purgative Pills will relieve the bowels and cleanse the blood without injury to the system.

Wounds from rusty nails, so often dangerous, or by a pitchfork, scythe, or by glass, or a severe bruise, are quickly relieved and cured by using Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil.

☞"Catarrh is a common disease, so common that snuffing and "hawking" reach you at every turn. Your foot slips in its nasty discharge, in the omnibus or in the church, and its stench disgusts at the lecture or concert. The proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy offers $500 reward for a case of Catarrh that he cannot cure. Sold by druggists or send sixty cents to Dr. R. V. Pierce 133 Seneca street, Buffalo, N. Y., and you will receive it by mail. Beware of counterfeits and worthless imitations. The Genuine has Dr. Pierce's private Government Stamp on it.

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, GENERAL DEBILITY. CAUTION. HYPOPHOSPHITES. FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES. As this preparation is entirely different in its combination and effects from all other remedies called HYPOPHOSPHITES, the public are cautioned that the genuine has the name of FELLOWS' & Co. blown on the bottle. The signature of the inventor, James I. Fellows', is written with red ink across each label, and the price is $2.00 per bottle. FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES is prescribed by the first physicians in every city and town where it has been introduced, and it is a thoroughly orthordox preparation.

BELFAST PRICES CURRENT.

Corrected Weekly for the Journal.

BELFAST, Wednesday, March 8, 1871.

Flour,	$8.00@11.00	Round Hog,	10 to 11
Corn Meal,	1.00 to 1.05	Clear S't Pork	@23 to 25
Rye Meal,	1.25 to 0.00	Mutton per lb.	6 to 8
Rye,	1.00 to 0.00	Lamb per lb.	7 to 9
Corn,	1.00 to 1.05	Turkey per lb.	25 to 30
Barley,	65 to 70	Chicken per lb.	@22 to 25
Beans,	2.00 to 2.75	Duck per lb.	25 to 00
Marrowfat Peas,	1.00@to 1.25	Geese per lb.	15 to 00
Oats,	55 to 60	Hay per ton,	$18 to 22
Potatoes,	95 to 1.00	Lime,	$1.25 to 00
Dried Apples,	8 to 10	Washen Wool	35 to 42
Cooking, do.	60 to 75	Unwas'd "	25 to 33
Butter,	33 to 35	Pulled "	40 to 00
Cheese,	20 to 00	Hides,	7 7-4 to 00
Eggs,	27 to 00	Calf Skins,	16 2-3 to 00
Lard,	18 to 00	Sheep Skins	50 to $1
Beef,	8 to 10	Wood, hard,	$5 50 to 6.00
Apples, Baldwin,	90 to 1.00	Wood, soft,	$4.00 to 00
Veal,	10 to 00	Dry Pollock,	4 to 5
Dry Cod,	6 to 8	Straw,	$8 to 10

THE CELEBRATED
HOME
STOMACH BITTERS!

Are endorsed and prescribed by more leading Physicians than any other tonic or stimulant now in use. They are

A SURE PREVENTIVE

For Fever and Ague, Intermittants, Billousness and all disorders arising from malarious causes. They are highly recommended as an Anti-Dyspeptic, and in case of Indigestion are invaluable. As an Appetizer and Recuperaut and in case of General Debility, they have never in a single instance failed in producing the most happy results. They are particularly

BENEFICIAL TO FEMALES

Strengthening the body, invigorating the mind, and giving tone and elasticity to the whole system. The Home Stomach Bitters are compounded with the greatest care, and no tonic-stimulant has ever before been offered to the public so pleasant to the taste and combining so many remedial agents, endorsed by the medical fraternity as the Pharmacopoia. It costs but a little to give them a fair trial, and

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE A BOTTLE.

JAS. A. JACKSON & CO., Proprietors, Laboratory 105 & 107 N. 2d st., St. Louis, Mo.
For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers.
3mos34sp

THE REPUBLICAN JOURNAL
ENLARGED!

A 32 COLUMN PAPER!

In presenting the Journal to the public in its new form, the Publisher calls attention to its attractive features as a newspaper. It will have departments devoted to

Agriculture,
Tales & Poetry,
Local Sketches,
Editorials, News,
Correspondence,
Paragraphs,
Markets, &c.

Politically the Journal is Democratic, in favor of

Low Taxes
Tariff Reform, & Diminished Expenses.

Cash Premiums Offered.

All persons are invited to procure cash subscriptions and forward, with following offer of premiums for yearly subscribers:

For 5 Subscribers, - - $1.50
For 10 " and one copy to person sending, - 4.00
For 20 Subscribers & one copy to person sending, - 9.00

Premiums to be deducted from cash sent. The names must all be sent at one time, with the money. Send cash in shape of drafts, post office orders, registered letters, or other safe conveyance.

Subscription, $2.00 per year in advance.

Specimen Copies Mailed Free to Persons Applying.

Address W. H. SIMPSON, Publisher, Belfast, Maine.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

[For the week ending Wednesday, March 1.]

At market for the current week—Cattle 927; Sheep anp Lambs 2,733 Swine 2000; number of Western Cattle 887; Eastern Cattle 30; Working Oxen and Northern 000; Cattle left over from last week 60.

Prices of Beef Cattle, per 100 lbs, the total weight of hides, tallow and dressed Beef—Extra quoted at $11 50@1200; first quellito 10 75@11 25; second quality 10 00@10 50; third quality 9 00@9 75; poorest grade of coarse Oxen, Bulls, &c., $6 00@8 50.

Brighton Hides 7 1-2@8c; Brighton Tallow 4 1-2c; Country Hides 7 1-2@8c; Country Tallow 6c per lb; Sheep and Lamb Skins $1 75@2 50c each; Calf Skins 16@18c per lb.

Sheep and Lambs—Extra and select lots at $4 50@7 25; ordinary lots $2 00@4 00; Lambs 9 00@0 00, or from 3 1-2 to 8 1-2 per lb. Nearly all of those from the West were owned by butchers of taken at a commission.

Swine—Store Pigs, None in market, Fat Hogs—2000 in the market; prices 8 1-4@8 3-4 per lb.

Rooms to Let!

TWO PLEASANT ROOMS TO LET, ON HIGH Street, enquire at

J. CACCIOLA'S
BARBER SHOP.
1f35

MARRIED.

In this city, 4th inst., by Rev. W. O. Thomas, Mr. Nathaniel L. Jackson of Knox, to Miss Elzira M. Hatch, of Morrill.

In this city, Feb. 25, Mr. John C. Ford, to Miss Lydia H. Buzzel, all of Belfast.

In Montville, Feb. 12th, Mr. B. B. Bennett to Miss Addie E. Mosher, both of Knox.

In Lincolnville, Feb. 25, Mr. Benjamin F. Monroe of Lincolnville, to Miss Adelia M. Young, of Belmont.

In Liberty, Feb. 19, Mr. Joseph Harmon to Miss Julia A. Nash, both of Liberty. Also, on the 24th inst., by the same, Mr. James W. Harriman of Appleton, to Miss Elnora L. Moody of Liberty.

In Augusta, March 2d, Dalphon Osborn of Cambridge, Mass., to Mrs. Adaline Pearson, of Augusta.

At Sandy Point, 23, by J. G. Bowen, Esq., Mr. William H. Keene to Miss Annie L. Chase, both of Stockton.

DIED.

[*Obituary notices, beyond the date, name and age, must be paid for.*]

In Prospect, Feb. 28, Mr. Rufus S. Bowdoin, aged 90 years.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF BELFAST.

ARRIVED.

March 1. Sch Gen. Grant, Johnson, Baltimore.
3. Sch Gipsey, King, Portland.
5. Sch Ann Eliza, Clark, Baltimore.
5. Schs Benj. T. Crocker, Harding, New Castle; (Corn to Pitcher & Gorham; Lizzie Poor, Dickey, Boston; Mazurka, Kimball, do.

SAILED.

Mar, 2. Schs Empire, Ferguson, Boston; Jack Downing, Patterson, Rockland.
2. Sch J. W. Roberts, Fortress Monroe.
4. Schs Gen. Grant, Johnson, Southport; Gipsey King, Frankfort.
5. Sch Banner, McFarland, Boston.

Brig George Gilchrist (of St. George, Me), Gilchrist, at New York from Matanzas, reports Feb. 25 off Hatteras had a heavy SE gale of 12 hours, during which stove cargo in the hold.

Sch Mary Farrow, Bagley, at Charleston from New York, reports during the passage one of the seamen had a remarkable escape, having fallen from the main crosstrees to the deck, and was five minutes after attending to his duties, unhurt.

Pembroke, Me., Feb. 7. The Pembroke Iron Co., have had a crew of 80 men at work on the ice for three days, and have succeeded in cutting a channel through to the wharves of sufficient width to admit a vessel. The sch Venus, which has been frozen in for a month, loaded with iron, went on her way yesterday.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Ask for Dr. Clarke's Sherry Wine Bitters.

And take no other. See that the portrait of Dr. Clarke is upon the label of each bottle. No other is genuine. They are puerly vegetable and will not intoxicate. tfsp

M. A. CULLNAN,
HOUSE PAINTER,
PAPER-HANGING, GRAINING, GLAZING, WHITE-WASHING, ENAMELING AND VARNISHING.
Painting and Papering Front Entries, Parlors and Sitting-Rooms made a Specialty.
GRAINING WITH "MACHINE," IN OIL.
☞ All work done in the best manner. Orders left on Slate promptly attended to.
Shop over FRANK B. KNOWLTON'S Store,
High Street, - - - Belfast, Me.
3m35sp

F. S. NICKERSON,
Counseller & Attorney at Law!
OFFICE, HAYFORD BLOCK,
tf22 Belfast, Ma

Report of City Treasurer.

CITY OF BELFAST,
Treasury Office, March 7, 1870.

To the City Council:

Gentlemen: I herewith submit the annual statement, showing the amount of money received and expended for Municipal purposes, for Schools, for interest on City Loan, on the account of Railroad, and Loan to same, and for administering the government for this city, for the year ending this day.

TIMO. THORNDIKE, City Treasurer.

City of Belfast. In Account with T. Thorndike, City Treasurer.

1871. Balance in Treasury March 7, 1870,		$63,080.38
March 6, Received of D. L. Pitcher, taxes, 1868,	$2,089.24	
Received of E. Bickford, taxes, 1869,	18,900.00	
Received of E. Bickford, taxes, 1870,	12,000.00	
		$32,989.24
Received of S. M. Fuller, City Liquor Agent,	$1,100.00	
Received of A. D. Bean, City Liquor Agent,	1,800.00	
		$ 2,900.00
Received of John Poor, Sup't of Cemetery,		102.85
Received of M. P. Woodcock, Agt Central District,	$767.60	
Received of T. C. Nickerson, Agt District 15,	90.20	
		$ 857.80
Received of State of Maine, Pensions,	$152.25	
Received of State of Maine, School Fund 1868—69,	289.96	
Received of State Bal. of Equalization Funds,	58.33	
		$ 500.54
Received Int. and Ex. on State of Maine Bonds,		1,677.83
Received Municipal Loan,		25,000.00
Received City Clerk for Licenses,		66.00
		$127,174.64

RAILROAD FUNDS.

Sales of $112,900 Bonds, 1868	$102,328.73	
" " 45,000 " 1870	40,007.74	
Temporary Loans, payment of Subscription,	19,782.90	
Temporary Loans, payment of Aid,	84,010.00	
		$246,129.37
Total Receipts,		$373,304.01

March 6, 1871. Paid Mayor's orders Contingent Fund,	$4,392.17	
Paid Mayor's orders Highway Fund,	4,674.26	
Paid Mayor's orders School Fund,	8,335.04	
" " " Pauper "	2,200.00	
" " " Fire Dept. Fund,	874.50	
Paid Mayor's orders Cemetery Fund,	35.00	
Paid Mayor's orders Liquor Fund,	2,076.27	
		$22,587 24
School Committee's orders Repairs No. 1,		95.00
Paid Pensions, State of Maine,		116.25
Paid Interest on City War Loan Bonds,		3,012.67
		$25,811.16

RAILROAD FUNDS.

Paid Mayor's orders, City Subscription,	$150,000.00	
Paid Mayor's orders, City Aid Loan,	99,358.75	
Paid Temporary Loan Notes & Interest,	58,727.49	
		$308,086.24
Paid Interest on Railroad Bonds, 1870,		18,809.08
Paid deposited for payment of Coupons on $614,000.00 Railroad Bonds due Feb. 1871,		18,420.00
Total Expenditures,		$371,126.48
Balance cash in Treasury this day,		2,177.53
		$373,304.01

Appropriations and Disbursements for 1870, viz.:

CONTINGENT FUND.

Appropriation for 1870,	$14,000.00	
Raised for Municipal Loan,	25,000.00	
		$39,000.00
Disbursed on Mayor's orders,	$4,392.17	
Paid Interest on City War Loan,	3,012.67	
" " " Railroad Bonds,	37,229.08	
		$44,633.92
Overdrawn,	$5,633.92	

HIGHWAY FUND.

Cash Appropriation for 1870,		$4,800.00
Disbursed on Mayor's orders,		4,674.26
Unexpended,	$125.74	

PAUPER FUND.

Appropriation for 1870,		$2,200.00
Disbursed on Mayor's orders,		$2,200.00

SCHOOL FUND.

Appropriation for 1870,	$6,000.00	
State School Fund, "	141.49	
Unexpended Fund, 1869,	1,357.59	
Repairs Dist. 1,	94.97	
Raised by Central Dist.,	2,000.00	
" " Dist. No. 8,	200.00	
Rec'd of Central Dist. Agent,	767.60	
" " No. 15 "	90.20	
		$10,621.85
Disbursed on Mayor's orders,	8,335.04	
" " Com's orders No. 1	95.00	
		$8,430.04
Unexpended,		$2,191.81

FIRE DEPARTMENT FUND.

Appropriation for 1870,	$1,000.00	
Unexpended for 1869,	149.80	
		$1149.80
Disbursed on Mayor's order,		874.50
Unexpended,		$275.30

CEMETERY FUND.

Rec'd of Sup't, for 1870,		$102.85
Disbursed on Mayor's order,	$35.00	
Overdraft on 1869,	4.86	
		39.86
Unexpended,		$62.99

LIQUOR AGENCY.

Am't unexpended Mar. 7, 1869,	$1,023.25	
Rec'd of S. M. Fuller, Agent,	1,100 00	
" " A. D. Bean, "	1,800.00	
		$4,523.25
Disbursed on Mayor's order S. M. P.,	$924.74	
Disbursed on Mayor's order A. D. B.,	1,151.54	
		$2,076.27
Unexpended,		$2,446.98

STATE OF MAINE BOND ACCOUNT.

Rec'd of State for Equalization Fund,	$30,200.00
Exchanged for City War Loan Bonds,	$16,000.00
Bonds in Treasury,	$14,200.00

RAIL ROAD FUND.

Unexpended in 1869,	$68,814.27	
Sales of $112,900 Bonds of '68,	102,328.73	
" " 45,000 " '70,	40,007.74	
Rec'd from Temporary Loans,	103,792.00	
		$314,943.63
Disbursed on Mayor's orders for sub. to Stook. In full,	$150,000.00	
Disbursed on Mayor's orders for Loan in aid of Road, In part,	99,358.75	
Paid Temporary Loan Notes,	58,727.49	
		$308,086.24
Unexpended,		$6,857.39

LIABILITIES, VIZ:

Note. Aug. 23, 1862, 10 years, Interest annually,	$6,000.00	
1 Bond, Oct. 15, 1872, 20 years, Interest annually,	1,000.00	
7 Bonds, Dec. 20, 1863, 20 years Interest annually,	7,000.00	
3 Bonds, Feb. 15, 1864, 20 years Interest annually,	3,000.00	
60 Bonds, Apr. 5, 1865, 20 years Interest annually,	24,200.00	
Total War Loan,		$41,200.00
1 Note, Oct. 18, 1870, 1 year, Interest semi-annually,	$2,500.00	
1 Note, Oct. 18, 1870, 2 year, Interest semi-anngally,	2,500.00	
1 Note, Oct. 18, 1870, 3 years, Interest semi-annually,	2,500.00	
1 Note, Oct. 18, 1870, 4 years, Interest semi-annually,	2,500.00	
1 Note, Nov. 3, 1870, 3 years, Interest semi-annually,	5,000.00	
1 Note, Nov. 3, 1870, 4 years. Interest semi-annually,	5,000.00	
1 Note, Nov. 3, 1870, 5 years, Interest semi-annually,	5,000.00	
Total Municipal Loan,		$25,000.00
Mayor's orders outstanding,		51.65
Due School Districts,		2,191.81
Roll of accounts allowed this day,		2,457.07
		$70,900.53

OB RAILROAD ACCOUNT, VIZ:

Railroad Bonds issued Aug. 15, 1868,	$569,000.00	
Railroad Bonds issued Aug. 15, 1870,	45,000.00	
11 Temporary Loan Notes,	68,497.49	
Total,		$682,497.49
Total Liabilities,		$753,398.02

ASSETS.

Cash in Treasury this day	$2,177.53	
Due on taxes 1868, including abatements, D. L. Pitcher, Collector,	1,335.83	
Due on Taxes, 1869, including abatements, E. Bickford, Collector,	2,434.46	
Due on Taxes, 1870, including abatements, E. Bickford, Collector.	40,453.74	
Due from State, School Fund, 1870,	141.49	
		$46,543.05
State of Maine Bonds,		14,200.00
		$60,743.05
Stock in B. & M. L. R. R.,		500,000.00
Stock in same for Aid Loan,		101,900.00
Total Assets,		$662,643.05
Balance Liabilities over assets, Viz: On Municipal War Loan account,	$10,157.48	
On Railroad account,	682,497.49	
Less Stock as above,	$692,654.97 601,900	
		$90,754.97

APPROPRIATIONS OVERDRAWN. VIZ.

Contingent Fund,	$5,633.92

APPROPRIATIONS UNEXPENDED, VIZ:

Highway Fund,		$125.74
School Fund,		2,191.81
Fire Department Fund,		275

Marguerite—Massachusetts Bay, 1769.

The robins sang in the orchard, the buds into blossoms grew;
Little of human sorrow the buds and the robins knew!

Sick, in an alien household, the poor French neutral lay,
Into her lonesome garret fell the light of the April day.

Through the dusty window curtained by the spider's warp and woof,
On the loosed-tile floor of hemlock, on oaken ribs of roof,

The bed-quilt's faded patchwork, the teacups on the stand,
The wheel with flaxen tangle as it dropped from her sick hand!

What to her was the song of the robin, or warm morning light,
As she lay in the trance of the dying, heedless of sound or sight?

Done was the work of her hands, she had eaten her bitter bread;
The world of the alien people lay behind her dim and dead.

But her soul went back to its child-time: she saw the sun o'erflow
With gold the Basin of Minas and set over Gaspereau.

The low, bare flats at ebb tide, the rush of the sea at flood
Through the inlet and creek and river, from dike to upland wood:

The gulls in the red of morning, the fish-hawk's rise and fall,
The drift of the fog in moonshine over the dark coast wall.

She saw the face of her mother, she heard the song she sang,
And far-off, faintly, slowly, the bell for vespers rang!

By her bed the hard-faced mistress sat smoothing the wrinkled sheet,
Peering into the face so helpless, and feeling the icy cold feet.

With a vague remorse atoning for her greed and long abuse,
By care no longer heeded, and pity too late for use.

Up stairs of the garret softly the son of the mistress stepped,
Leaned over the head-board, covering his face with his hands, and wept.

Outspake the mother who watched him, sharply, with brow a-frown,
"What! love you the papist, the beggar, the charge of the town?"

"Be she papist or beggar, who lies here, I know and God knows
I love her, and fain would go with her wherever she goes!"

"O mother! that sweet face came pleading, for love so athirst;
You saw but the town-charge; I knew her God's angel at first."

Shaking her gray head, the mistress hushed down a bitter cry;
And, awed by the silence and shadow of death drawing nigh,

She murmured a psalm of the Bible, but closer the young girl pressed,
With the last of her life in her fingers, the cross to her breast.

"My son, come away," cried the mother, her voice erne grown:
"She is joined to her idols like Ephraim, let her alone!"

But he knelt with his hand on her forehead, his lips to her ear,
And he called back the soul that was passing: "Marguerite, do you hear?"

She paused on the threshold of heaven: love, pity, surprise,
Wistful, tender, lit up for an instant the cloud of her eyes.

With his heart on his lips he kissed her; but never clock grew red,
And the words the living long for he spake in the ear of the dead.

And the robins sang in the orchard, where buds to blossoms grew;
Of the folded hands and the still face never the robins knew! JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Song.

BY HON. GEORGE LUNT.

Oh, 'tis said, far away, o'er the blue-rolling wave,
There are islands of verdure, unchanging and bright,
Where the wind has a voice, like a shell's from its cave,
That can lull the weary soul in a dream of delight.

There the murmur of ocean, that falls on the shore,
Faints in distance away with a music-like tone,
And the sweet-singing bird tunes his love-laden lore,
Under bowers whose bright roses, forever are blown.

And the glory of summer, so freshly and green,
Flings its loveliness over them all the year long,
And the days melt away, like a fairy-built scene,
'Mid the rapture of beauty and fragrance and song.

Oh, there could we fly, till the world and its schemes,
Like some cloud-gathered pageant, grew distant and dim,
There the light of our life should be paradise dreams,
And its music all nature's perpetual hymn!

Let the delver for gold, with his wearisome care,
Grope for heart-chilling treasures, that freeze as we clasp,
And the minion of fame for that phantom of air,
Chase the fanciful bubbles that break in the grasp!

But dearer than all, of which poets have told,
Were our life and our love in those magical isles,
Where the heart's daily sunshine could never grow cold,
And our hopes and our joys fed forever on smiles.

A Corpse Driving a Horse.

Dr. Wm. Burdett, who resides at 339 South Cherry street, died at 6 o'clock last evening under the most peculiar circumstances. About half an hour previous to his demise he had driven to the residence of conductor Edward Wells, near the Decatur depot, who lay very ill of inflammatory rheumatism. After leaving some instructions with his patient he got into his buggy, and started his horse homeward.

Sudden death, like a stroke of lightning, overtook him probably before he had driven more than a few hundred yards, and the late living, speaking human being, who a few moments before had talked calmly and quietly, after his usual manner, to a patient and that patient's family, and had even joked with a little boy whom he met by the street side as he entered his buggy, still sat stark and stiff upright upon his seat, the reins clutched in his hands, staring eyes looking out upon the street, driving homeward—a corpse. Father of us all, what was it that those who met the horse and vehicle saw in the face of the driver that made them shudder and hurry on a little faster? Death looked out from those lifeless eyes, and it was he who guided the unknowing horse plodding on towards his late master's door, and those who looked into that vehicle felt a something awful and indefinable which made them shudder, perhaps, and hasten involuntarily forward. The horse drew up at the familiar hitching post, but no master descended, and he stood gently pawing the ground, anon jerking the lines, but he got no answer to these signals, however oft repeated. No familiar voice which had so often chided or cheered him in long jaunts. Then he pricked back his ears and jerked the reins a little harder, and listened, but there was no response save the grating of the leather over the dash-board. What could it all mean. And now Mrs. Burdett looks out of the window and says, "Well, I declare, the doctor's come, but why don't he get out?" She looks a moment, but he doesn't move, and she says, perhaps he wants something, and then she trips out to the street, looks up into the buggy, and says, "Well, William, what is it?" No answer. And then she bends forward a little, and the light shines fuller on the figure there. It is her husband, but the face is livid, and the eyes blindly staring. "William, oh William!" and she grasped him by the hands, still clutching the reins; they are cold and stiff. He is dead.

Through the assistance of several gentlemen, Dr. Burdett's body was taken into the house, where Coroner Brien held an inquest. The jury returned a verdict of death from disease of the heart. [Nashville Banner.

Some men find life unendurable if they cannot lay wagers. At Binghamton a favorite mode of winning "the drinks" is for a sharper to bet with a yokel that he can stand an egg on end "right out on the floor" and the yokel can't break it with a half-bushel measure. The bet is taken and the fiend in human shape puts the egg precisely in the corner, and if you wish to know how it is yourself you would do well to try the experiment.

Training Dogs.

From the New York Times.

"Dogs Educated!" Such was the inscription on a neatly painted tin, with notice affixed, that business could be attended to "only between the hours of 10 and 2 o'clock." We remember very distinctly the signs on the Pont Neuf—"On coupe les chiens et les chat, et on va en ville"—and wondering what new phase of the profession could be found, we mounted three flights of stairs, deliberately knocked at a door, expecting to be answered by a clamorous barking, but we were mistaken, for nothing canine was audible. Presently the door opened and a very pleasant person, the master of the premises, on our expressing the desire for full information, politely offered us a chair, and gave us some interesting details of his method of instruction.

"You do not mean to say that you make a regular profession of it, do you?"

"Oh, yes, certainly—though there ain't more than three in the whole country as follows it strictly. Most of them combines exhibitions with their animals, or has a line of fancy dogs in connection with the business. Sometimes I have a few nice dogs to sell, sent to me by my English connections, but I'm rather suspicious about them mostly. I'm afraid they have been stolen in the old country. I generally can tell a stolen dog."

"And, pray, how?"

"Why some of the signs is easy. A real Isle of Skye is a rare dog in America. If he's good he don't leave home; he's worth more there than here. It's the same case with the most high-bred dogs. The best place for a thorough-bred English dog, especially a fancy dog, is at home. A dog that is stolen is mostly taken from rich people, who don't watch him enough. Then, when you have got him, his ways indicate former good and kind handling. He won't sit down on the bare floor when there is a strip of carpet, and, what is strange, and I believe I have particularly observed it, when he barks at a beggar it ain't as much on account of his rags, but because the dog has been accustomed to people who were cleanly in their habits; not to put too fine a point to it, who were sweet scented, and he can't stand bad smells. Except you buy a dog, or a puppy, from a very particular friend, I am safe in saying in London, and just as likely in New York, nine-tenths of the full-grown dogs sold are stolen."

"You train dogs, then?"

"I prepare the subjects for preformance. Mostly I takes a puppy from his birth and brings him up; sometimes a dog is sent to me to educate. But I don't do anything in monkeys. They are very troublesome; kind of uncertain-like. You think, after so much pains, you have got one that is well up in his part, regularly posted, and likely to do you credit; but one fine morning you find he has bolted his work, clean forgotten it, and you have to begin over again. The public is entirely mistaken about him. Generally the rule in monkey-training is to give him a good licking at the start, and then to keep up a lively hiding all the time. These orders were given very quickly, and the dog scampered around she room and brought what was wanted, one thing after the other. "Talking about dogs, I can train a dog to be a regular fire extinguisher. They scent fire and smoke in a moment. I had a big dog once who could put out an ordinary fire in a moment; he would roll over and over in it, even though it burned him, until he put it out."

"You seem to be an enthusiast; have you read much of dogs?"

"Oh, yes, sir. There is no reading I likes so well. Mr. Bulwer's romance dogs is poetry dogs, but no equal to Mr. Dickens' dogs. They is true to the life, and if dogs could speak, for they do think, they would talk just like Mr. Dickens' dogs. Only one thing, sir, and if you don't think it a liberty, I shall presume to remark which it is to regard to dogs, do what you may, good or bad treatment, they never will perform their tricks and carry a good tail. Now, to make you understand, do you see that yellow-spotted dog? That dog knows we are talking about him, and he's pondering on us. Dogs does a deal of pondering. That dog's an inventive dog, sir, and is capable of striking off for himself a perfectly original line of characters, only, sir, when up to the beauties of his part, hinspired, I may say, regular hinspired, he will drop his tail. Some dogs draw their tails more than others; some carries them right between their legs, which takes ever so much away from the traction of the piece. May be, sir, you don't know much about plays where the dog is the actor. The female lady character says: "Oh! my dog! my faithful dog! how joyously he bounds this way! We are saved! We are saved! He comes! He comes!" Now to see a dog come in with his tail down like a whipped cur takes all the life out of the piece. Dog human nature notwithstanding any of the arts of man, will show itself there. Once I got acquainted with an Italian. He knowed most as much as any man I ever saw on dogs. He had a big spaniel dog, as was a most natural dog. I seen that dog perform a dozen times, and that dog had no drop in his tail, though his play was cowed like and not free. Of course, his master would not let me handle him. But I paid a friend of mine to have that dog sent to me once, just for ten minutes, and I found it out The dog was nicked, sir; the muscles at the joint of his tail had been clean cut, so that he couldn't drop or wag it if he tried.

That ain't true art, and I'm above it. It's the ambition of my life, however, to succeed on that one point. I suppose if I had a very young puppy, and trained him up alone, apart from any other dog, and we neither of us ever lost our tempers, we might succeed. In the meantime, as you see, I satisfies my craving for perfection with short-tailed dogs. Nature and her defects ain't as perceptible in a bob-tailed dog."

"Will you allow us," we said, "to thank you? for really you are a conscientious artist; it is difficult to meet such."

"Thank you, Sir," was the reply. "The living I pick up is one thing, and the satisfaction I derive from my calling is another. It ain't often I am appreciated.

"IT NEVER EXPLODES." Mr. Gray, an ingenious gentleman of Sussex county, Delaware, invented a new, non-explosive, burning fluid, and invited his friends to come and witness a test of its qualities. He gathered a select circle around a barrel of the fluid up in the garret, and, to prove how non-explosive it was, he stirred it with a red-hot poker. In six seconds the inventor and his friends were seen to emerge from the roof, with trap-doors and chimneys and things on their heads, and send away to the northwest, towards the river. While enjoying a fine bird's eye view of the State of Delaware, at an elevation of thirty thousand feet or more above the level of the sea, Mr. Gray observed to the friend nearest him that he thought perhaps he had made a mistake in mixing too much benzine in the fluid. Mr. Gray did not wait to hear his friend's reply, because he apparently had an engagement higher up, and he seemed in a hurry to go. His widow will sell the patent for the non-explosive fluid very cheap; and she needs the money very badly, because Mr. Gray scattered so much around Sussex county when he came down, that she had to bury him gradually during the next three weeks.

BOUND TO FIND HIM. A letter passed through our Post Office day before yesterday, actually addressed as follows:

"Mr. B——,
Pontiac,
Michigan.

The first name of Mr. B—— is not known, he has a running sore on or near his ankle."

It that description don't find the man, the writer may as well give it up as a bad job. [Detroit Tribune.

That is nothing. There is a letter in the Cleveland Post Office, directed as follows:

"To the big red faced Butcher,
With a large wart on his nose.
Cleveland,
Ohio."

The clerks expect a licking when they deliver the letter. [Cleveland Plaindealer.

New Advertisements.

WALTHAM WATCHES.

The extensive use of these watches for the last fifteen years by Railway Conductors, Engineers and Expressmen, the most exacting of watch-wearers, has thoroughly demonstrated the strength, steadiness, durability and accuracy of the Waltham Watch. To satisfy that class in all these respects, is to decide the question as to the real value of these time-keepers.

More than **500,000** of these watches are now speaking for themselves in the pockets of the people—a proof and a guarantee of their superiority over all others.

The superior organization and great extent of the Company's Works at Waltham, enables them to produce watches at a price which renders competition futile, and those who buy any other watch merely pay from 25 to 50 per cent. more for their watches than is necessary.

These time-pieces combine every improvement that a long experience has proved of real practical use. Having had the refusal of nearly every invention in watch-making originating in this country or in Europe, only those were finally adopted which severe testing by the most skillful artisans in our works, and long use on the part of the public, demonstrated to be essential to correct and enduring time-keeping.

Among the many improvements we would particularize:

The invention and use of a centre-pinion of peculiar construction, to prevent damage to the train by the breakage of main-springs, is original with the American Watch Company, who, having had the refusal of all other contrivances, adopted Fogg's patent pinion as being the best and faultless.

Hardened and tempered hair-springs, now universally admitted by Watchmakers to be the best, are used in all grades of Waltham Watches.

All Waltham Watches have dust-proof caps, protecting the movement from dust, and lessening the necessity of the frequent cleaning necessary in other watches.

Our new patent stem-winder, or keyless watch is already a decided success, and a great improvement on any stem-winding watch in the American market and by far the cheapest watch of its quality now offered to the public. To those living in portions of the United States where watchmakers do not abound watches with the above mentioned improvements which tend to ensure accuracy, cleanliness, durability and convenience, must prove invaluable.

The trademarks of the various styles made by the Company are as follows:

AMERICAN WATCH Co., Waltham, Mass.
AMS. WATCH Co., Waltham, Mass.
AMERICAN WATCH Co., Crescent St., Waltham, Mass.
APPLETON, TRACY & Co., Waltham, Mass.
AMERICAN WATCH Co., Adams St., Waltham, Mass.
WALTHAM WATCH Co., Waltham, Mass.
P. S. BARTLETT, Waltham, Mass.
M. ELLERY, Waltham, Mass.
HOME WATCH Co., Boston, Mass.

Examine the spelling of these names carefully before buying. Any variation even of a single letter, indicates a counterfeit.

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An illustrated history of watch-making, containing much useful information to watch-wearers sent to any address on application.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
General Agents for American Watch Co.,
182 Broadway, New York.

WANTED!—Wide-awake Canvassers for J. S. C. Abbott's "*Prussia and the Franco-Prussian War*," in both *English* and *German*. Books for the times. B. B. RUSSELL, Pub., Boston, Mass.

FREE TO BOOK AGENTS.—A Pocket Prospectus of the best Illustrated Family Bible published, containing Bible History, Dictionary, Analysis, Harmony, and History of Religions. Sent free on application. HORACE KING, Publisher, Thompsonville, Conn.

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The old standard remedy for Coughs, Colds, Consumption. "Nothing better." CUTLER BROS. & CO., Boston.

BATCHELDER'S STOCKS VERMIFUGE
CAUTION.
Should occasion require you to purchase B. A. Fahnestock's Vermifuge, be particularly careful to see that the initials are *B. A.* This is the article that has been so
Favorably Known Since 1829,
And purchasers must insist on having it if they do not wish to have an imitation forced upon them.

ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY.
Prizes cashed and information furnished by GEO. UPHAM, Providence, R. I.

EMPLOYMENT for ALL.
$30 SALARY PER WEEK, and expenses, to sell our new and useful discoveries. Address B. SWEET & Co., Marshall, Mich.

TO THE WORKING CLASS.—We are now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time or for the spare moments. Business new, light, and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50c. to $5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address, and test the business, we make the unparalleled offer: To such as are not well satisfied, we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, a valuable sample which will do to commence work on, and a copy of *The People's Literary Companion*—one of the largest and best family newspapers ever published—all sent free by mail. Reader, if you want permanent, profitable work, address E. C. ALLEN & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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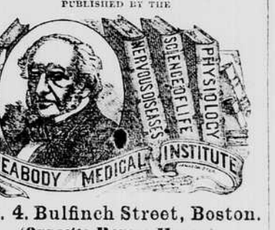

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